National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press, South.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Republic.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

ITS ABORTION AND FAILURE!

Nullified in Law-abiding Massachusetts, and threatened with Repeal throughout the Northern States.

The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with its justly stringent provisions, was the only act of justice done the South, in the late so-called settlement of the Slavery question. Proposed by Southern Senators, supported by Southern Representatives, and passed mainly by Southern votes, it was an act of justice not of the North to the South, but of the South to herself. This becomes fully apparent when we examine the record of the votes on the passage of the bill. After many inefficient efforts by Northern members to entirely destroy the efficacy of the bill, by robbing it of its most stringent and useful provisions, while they feared, at that particular juncture, to unitedly oppose it, in consequence of the other measures being of a highly objectionable character to Southern interests, it received in the Senate on its final passage *only three Northern votes* IN ITS FAVOR, and twenty-seven in the House. Out of the eighty odd Whig members of Congress from the free States, three only voted for the Fugitive Bill. Of the Whig Senators from the same States, not one even could be rallied to its support. If anything more were needed to convince the people of the South of a manifest disposition existing in Congress, to measure out to her even less than scanty justice, this fact is full of proof of the truth of the statement. Out of thirty Northern Senators but three were found willing to carry out a plain provision of the Constitution. Out of all the Northern Representatives, barely twenty-seven were found, who looked with favor upon the right of a Southern man to recover his property, when escaping into a free State. Behold the much boasted justice of the North.

If the sole defence of the South was in the North and depended upon its good faith, fidelity to the Constitution, and adherence to justice, her towns would soon smoke in ruins and her liberties be buried beneath the fatal power of despotic fanaticism.

The passage of the bill has proved but the signal of opposition to it, wherever it has been attempted to be carried into effect. The fact that, as yet, but *three* fugitive slaves have been recovered under the law, in view of the many efforts at recapture, which have been made, is a sufficient commentary upon the disposition of the people of the North to respect the laws of the land. Everywhere in the anti-slave States, this determination to oppose the successful execution of the law has been exhibited.

Even in "law-abiding," "Union-loving," decency-observing Massachusetts, we see this almost universal determination on the part of the citizens of the State, to make the law a dead letter—to nullify and make nugatory its clear and constitutional provisions.

Even in the land of the *conservative* and highly-lauded Webster, the devotion of whose people to good faith, integrity and honor, will be transmitted to posterity, by his transcendant eloquence, we find the people setting the laws at defiance, and not only protecting fugitives from labor, against their rightful recapture by their masters, but forcing those masters to become fugitives themselves from their mobocratic violence.

We wish not, however, to indulge in lengthy remarks. Our object is to show, by quotations from Northern papers, the opinions of the press, the pulpit, State Conventions and public men there in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law. We cannot effect the object without an exposition considerably in detail. For this we will not apologize. The importance of the subject will justify the prolixity. We ask a candid and patient perusal of the mass of facts here presented. The reader can then judge for himself, whether the Fugitive Slave Law, the only act of justice done the South, at the last session of Congress, is not a complete nullity—a dead letter upon the statute-book, and in danger of being repealed at the next session of Congress. We will first show the opinions of the Northern press on this subject. The limits prescribed will not permit us to quote from as many as we could desire. Enough will, however, be given, to show the spirit of the press of the non-slaveholding States—both Whig and Democratic. We merely add, "*ex uno, disce omnes.*"

From The (Augusta, Ga.) Constitutionalist.

UNION-LOVING MASSACHUSETTS.

The State of Massachusetts has never been wanting in Fourth of July and Bunker Hill orators, who could talk fluently of *the Union*—the glorious Union—of its historical glories and its innumerable blessings. The Hon. Daniel Webster, and the Hon. Caleb Cushing, two of her most distinguished citizens, are always on hand, upon occasion to pour forth rhetorical flourishes of this sort. The sentiments are very pretty in themselves, sound well, and when they get in print, read well, and are circulated far and wide, not only as specimens of American oratory, but as evidence of Massachusetts patriotism. "Oh, what a Union-loving State is Massachusetts, what a patriotic State is Massachusetts! what noble sentiments! what a magnanimous spirit she displays"! exclaim the politicians and humbuggers; and Massachusetts is lauded up as the very pink and model of patriotic and Union-loving States.

Only recently we see this game again played off. It is not presumable, however, that the gullibility of the people is without limits, and there is a chance that the patriotic pretensions of Massachusetts will undergo, soon, somewhat of a severe scrutiny. At a recent public dinner, given at Boston, to Amin Bey, the Turkish Envoy, Mr. Webster was one of the distinguished guests of the occasion, and in reply to a toast complimentary to himself, indulged in one of his customary tributes to the Union. He has a few stereotyped phrases on this theme for all such occasions, and in due time they get into the newspapers, and are passed round as patriotic *Massachusetts* sentimeats. That they are Mr. Webster's sentiments, we do not doubt—his pure, honest, patriotic sentiments. That he is a patriotic man at heart, and a lover of the Union and the Constitution—an American in the best sense of the term, we cordially concede. But we deny that his sentiments are the sentiments of Massachusetts. On the contrary, there is no Americanism—no patriotism pervading the public mind of Massachusetts. It is a state composed of narrow-minded bigots and intolerant fanatics. They are so steeped in fanaticism, and carried away with false systems of ethics, of religion, of political morality, and philanthropy, that they are incapable of acting an honest part, and of performing the plainest obligations due under the Federal Compact, to her sister States of the South.

The people of Massachusetts have as little to boast of in their history of a tolerant and enlightened spirit as any civilized race on this continent. Driven by religious persecutions to settle in a land where they could enjoy freedom to worship God, the Pilgrims early learned to refuse to others that religious toleration they had themselves so early prized. The Quakers, driven from Old England by the spirit of intolerance, did not find that they had much improved their condition by coming among the descendants of the Pilgrims, and they were driven to seek repose from persecution to a more Southern latitude. The hunting of Indians with blood-hounds, and their extermination by fire and sword, was one of the earliest, and raciest of amusements in psalm-singing Massachusetts. At another time, the burning of beautiful young maidens, and feeble old women and inoffensive men, at the stake, for witchcraft, after the solemn mockery of a trial by jury, are among the beauties of Massachusetts history.

In the nineteenth century, the people of Boston and its vicinity, enjoy the exclusive honor of having burned the shelter from over the heads of a number of helpless and unprotected nuns, and turned them out half naked, at dead of night, amidst the snows of winter.

From Massachusetts have emanated some of the bitterest and bloodiest and most atrocious sentiments that the abolition mania has ever belched forth. It was an Ex-President of the United States, an honored son of Massachusetts, who, in his place in the Congress of the United States, uttered the sentiment "*Let Abolition come, though it cost five hundred thousand—yea, five hundred million of lives.*" Yet he lived still to be honored, and to be re elected, time after time, to his seat in Congress.

But a few weeks ago, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of Hartford College, one of the most honored and distinguished names of Massachusetts, presided at a meeting in Boston, the avowed object of which was to aid in defeating the fugitive slave law—a law enacted to carry out a plain constitutional obligation. He then and there boasted that since the enactment of the law of 1793, no fugitive slave had ever been arrested and delivered up in Massachusetts, and declared that none ever would be under the new law. The Hon. Mr. Winthrop announced in the U. S. Senate, that the law could not be enforced in Massachusetts, as it was contrary to public opinion.

More recently we have had a striking illustration of the truth of these assertions in the treatment received by Knight and Hughes, two citizens of Georgia, who proceeded to Boston, to arrest, under the law, the fugitive slaves from Georgia, Crafts and his wife. Our readers are all familiar with that treatment. They narrowly escaped with their lives They were mobbed, arrested, and imprisoned, on frivolous grounds, and held to bail in enormous sums, to answer actions of slander, for having asserted that said Crafts and his wife were slaves.

Such, people of Georgia, is the Union loving, law and constitution abiding State of Massachusetts. In a city containing one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, not only a constitutional law of Congress in protection of the constitutional right of the Southern slave-holder, cannot be enforced—there are not only law-abiding citizens enough to enforce it, but those who go there to claim this benefit, under the Constitution and laws of the land, are in danger of loosing their lives.

This will be a case for the consideration of the Convention of the State of Georgia, which assembles next month. The refusal of a Northern State to surrender a fugitive slave to his owner, a citizen of Georgia, was one of the contingencies provided by the Legislature for the call of a Convention.—The present outrageous conduct of the citizens of Massachusetts, it is to be hoped, will evoke the sovereign power of Georgia to a course of exemplary retaliation and satisfaction. The strongest and most summary measures, whether by reprisals, by discriminating taxation, by non-intercourse laws, or by the refusal to allow legal process to be enforced in our State to recover debts due in Georgia to citizens of Massachusetts, would be measures not too harsh. It is only thus Massachusetts can be taught that she cannot nullify the Constitution and Laws of the United States with impunity. The Federal Government has shown itself in the present instance powerless, or unwilling to vindicate its own authority, and do justice to the citizens of Georgia. No other alternative, therefore, is left, but for the State of Georgia to take into her own hands the vindication of the rights of her citizens.

From The Garrard (Mo.) Banner.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

This Law which has been in operation but a short time, is now the subject of animated discussion in the North. Our exchanges come filled with accounts of the feeling exhibited in various portions of the Northern and Eastern States, and of the action of many religious denominations upon the subject. We can now no longer doubt, that whilst many of the patriots of the North are willing to abide by the requirements of the law, and to aid in carrying out its provisions, thousands of Abolitionists and their allies are determined to use their utmost endeavors to defeat the objects of the Act. Many denounce the law in an open and unqualified manner—and others again, seek to destroy its efficacy, by perverting its meaning. The Abolitionists compose the former class—men who would subvert the liberties of the people—trample the Constitution under foot, and shatter the Union into fragments, to carry their base, unprincipled and nefarious ends.

The latter class are Abolitionists in disguise. If they are not of that stripe—they should come out like men, and stand by the Constitution, and in defence of the laws of the country.

It is useless to plead compunction of conscience—and with long visages pretend that they have conscientions scruples upon the subject, and are therefore unwilling to sanction this law. It is the law of the land—and all who oppose it are not good citizens, and are violating their duty as such.

The law is just and salutary in its operations' and it is *right* that the owners of fugitive slaves should have their property restored to them.

One of the objections urged against the law may be stated thus: "Because it makes the marshal making the arrest responsible to the claimant for the value of any slave who may escape from his custody with or *without* his assent."

Surely the people of the North have seen enough of the actions of officers in the free States to convince them, if they will reflect impartially, of the necessity of this provision. Do they not know that prior to the passage of this act, unless a slave owner took with him an armed force sufficient to repel the attacks of the Abolitionists and free negroes, that it was almost an utter impossibility to recover a fugitive slave? This has been the case universally—and numbers of cases have occurred, where the friends of the slave owner, being insufficient to effect a recovery of the fugitive, have called on the officers of the law, in the free States, to assist in the recovery—and they have almost universally refused their aid. This has been the case in Cincinnati, time and again.

Suppose for a moment that the officer was *not* responsible for the escape of the slave, "*without* his assent;" how would we ever determine the question whether it was *with* or *without* his assent? if the officer was acting in good faith, it would seem wrong to hold him responsible for the value of the slave—but the object of the law is to *compel* these officers to be a little more attentive to their duties. There is not the slightest danger of any escaping under the present law, either with or without the officer's consent. The law gives the owner of the slave some chance, and doesn't leave it optionary with the officer to say, whether or not, the slave escaped with his assent. If it did, we venture the prediction that nine out of every ten would escape—and, to listen to the officer's story—all without their knowledge or assent.

They also oppose the law upon the ground that it suspends the writ of habeas corpus. This is a false assumption. The law says nothing in regard to the writ of habeas corpus—and of course the effect of that writ is not suspended. The opinion of Mr. Crittenden is conclusive evidence, that the writ is not suspended by the enactment of this law. The Attorney General, in a very elaborate opinion upon the subject, clearly shows "that there is nothing in the bill in question which conflicts with the Constitution, or suspends, or was intended to suspend, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus.*"

The shallow grounds upon which the Abolitionists and others oppose the Bill are merely pretexts to aid in a dissolution of the Union. We feel assured that disappointment will be their lot. The South has received nothing but its rights in the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the people of the slave States intend to have the full benefit of its provisions, the threats of Abolitionists, their friends, free negroes and fugitive slaves to the contrary notwithstanding.

From the Floridian & Journal.

AGITATION SETTLED!

The late Compromise Bills *were* to settle the Slavery question, were they not? Did not Mr. Clay, the 'great pacificator,' assert it? Did not Mr. Foote, the 'little pacificator,' affirm it? Did not Mr Ritchie asseverate it? Were we not all told to believe it? Settle the Slavery question! Short of emancipation or disunion that question cannot, and never will be settled. Harmony while the South insist on retaining her property, never will exist between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. Can two walk together except they be agreed? How then stand the North and the South with reference to each other? Why thus: The Southern people believe the institution of Slavery to be sanctioned by Scripture and approved by God, and its undisturbed existence in their midst to be of the most momentous consequence to their well being. They know that to give freedom to the blacks, would be to spread rapine and desolation, such as the world has never seen throughout their rich fields, now constituting one of the fairest portions of the globe. They are therefore resolved to hold on to Slavery, and protect it as they would their lives, and whatever they hold most dear. On the contrary, the North, wise above what is written in revelation, see this matter in a different light. Our Northern brethren of every religious sect, look upon it as a sin of the deepest dye; and more than this—as a sin for whose existence they, while remaining under a government that sanctions it, are responsible. They are therefore constrained by the highest sense of duty as christian men and women, to labor for its removal. They believe that much may be accomplished in the fulfilment of this purpose without violating the Constitution of the United States. Whatever can be thus accomplished, as for instance the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, in the dock yards and arsenals, and the prohibition of the slave trade, they will accomplish, as they think, under the name of the Constitution. Where it is necessary to attempt some outrage which that instrument can, by no possible stretch of meaning be made to sanction, then they appeal to a "*higher law*" than the Constitution. One way or another, living under the same government with the South, they feel called upon to eradicate this evil from her midst, or they will be held answerable for its guilt.

Such then is the position of moral antagonism between the South and the North. Such are the parties between whom it is supposed that a patched up compromise will establish peace, quiet, concord. Miserable delusion! In the late settlement has not the South been offered up as a sacrifice upon the altar of fanaticism? Have not her rights, her honor, her pledges, her sacred resolves, her everything been yielded as an oblation to the idol of Anti-Slavery? Yet has the North been appeased? Was there ever before witnessed in the Free States the agitation which has been awakened by a single constitutional enactment for the delivery of fugitive slaves. We answer never?

Peace and harmony! These are beautiful sounds. To *realize* them—this is it that is *impossible.* The North will continue to agitate this question; be the South assured of this. Nothing short of abolition will satisfy her and stay her aggressions.

Were the South out of the Union, and they thus removed from all connection with her institutions, then indeed the religious and fanatical portion of the Abolitionists would feel that they were no longer responsible for her sins. They might then reconcile it to their consciences to let her alone, as they now do the Island of Cuba, where Slavery exists in much more rigor than with us. But as things now stand there is no hope of a cessation of their endeavors to effect what we consider our ruin, what they think our salvation.

There is then left for sensible and thoughtful Southern men, while the Union continues, only a fearful looking forward to agitation, to plans, to organizations, to plottings and combinations for the overthrow of our institutions, the destruction of our property, and the endangering of all that men most value. The time is fast approaching when the only alternatives left us will be Disunion or Abolition. Then those who shall go for resistance will be driven to choose the former, while they who shall advocate submission will acquiesce in the latter. Southern men either by birth or feeling will prefer the former; Northern men by birth and by feeling will go with Massachusetts and New York for abolition.

From the New Orleans Delta.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL, AND THE SLAVERY AGITATION.

The Fugitive Slave bill is regarded by the Southern friends of the "Compromise" as the great, and invaluable *guid pro que* for the concessions made by the South in that bill. When its opponents asked what we got by that measure, the friends of the Compromise exultingly exclaim "behold the stringent bill to reclaim Slaves escaping into the free States. See how prompt and summary it is in its action. We have now a process by which the provision of the Federal Constitution in relation to fugitives from labor, so long a dead letter, will be rendered independent of State action, and be put into efficient operation. The commotion it has excited in the North proves its efficiency." Well let this be so, let it be set down as a great gain for the South, that at last a constitutional obligation of the Federal Government, made for the benefit of the South, has been put in force; it is however a great mistake to imagine that we are indebted to the Compromisers for that measure of relief and justice to the South.

We have never known any subject, on which so much was said and so little correctly understood, as this "Compromise" bill. We have not mingled sufficiently with the people, to determine the literal correctness of Senator Soule's assertion, so warmly impugnated by some of our cotemporaries, that not a dozen persons in this city, had ever read Mr. Clay's bill but we can safely say, that in our intercourse, we have scarcely met a half dozen persons, who had not a decided opinion on this subject, and yet who could say that they fully understood, or had ever read the details of the bill.

This error in regard to the authorship of the fugitive slave bill forcibly illustrates our remark. Even Col. Webb of the *Courier and Enquirer*, falls into this mistake, and considers Mr. Clay as its originator; but his more observant neighbor of the *Tribune*, corrects his error. Greeley, the fast friend of Mr. Clay, says "that that distinguished gentleman was opposed to the Fugitive Slave bill, as an independent measure, and yet it passed as an independent measure!" The inference is irresistible, if Greeley is to be believed, that this great remedial measure the *quid pro quo* for the concessions made by the South, the Fugitive Slave Bill, was opposed by the distinguished pacificator and author of the Compromise, and Surgeon of the "Five Bleeding Wounds," and owes its existence to the devotion to the Union of one of the most vigorous opponents to the Compromise, James M. Mason, of Virginia! He originated, framed, and pressed through this bill, the credit of which, it is attempted to arrogate for another. And yet Mr. Mason and all who voted with him, are denounced, even in the South as disunionists.

Thus was this Fugitive Slave bill passed. It does bare justice to the South—it is a mere execution of an express and granted power, and positive obligation of the Federal Constitution. And yet we find a powerful array against it—an array which leaves no doubt that a tremendous, we fear, an irresistible effect, will be made to repeal it. No one can read the journals of the North without being satisfied that fanaticism never employed a more powerful cry than will be that for the repeal of this law.

We find the following language on this subject in a no less dignified and influential journal than the *North American*, of Philadelphia, one of the ablest whig papers in the country:

"A re-action has occurred within a few days, which threatens the most fearful excitement on this subject that has yet disturbed the country, and that re-action is based upon a sentiment which approaches the fireside and touches the convictions of every man in the free States. The Southern Senator who concocted that bill, did more to revive the "Free Soil" party, and to stir up the elements of sectional commotion, than all its leaders, and all the abolition agitators combined, could have done in ten years to come. These are the early fruits of this patched-up compromise. What the late ones will prove, time alone can develope. * * * * * Odious, outrageous, and insulting as are the provisions of the law for the recapture of fugitive slaves, we have not attempted to foment excitement against it or to fan the embers of dissatisfaction. We are for submitting to it awhile—and because—it is the law of the land, and because it is the first and the highest duty of the citizen to be obedient to the law."

Here we find this leading whig journal asserting its conviction, that the late "Peace measure," called the Compromise, as "concocted by a Southern Senator," has produced the present fearfully increased agitation on the Slavery question—has, in truth, to adopt the old simile, opened still wider the "gaping wounds" it was intended to heal. And yet those who opposed this bill, so prolific of evil and agitation, are denounced as Disunionists and agitators, even in this intelligent city!

But the *North American* goes further; it denounces, in bitter terms, the Fugitive Slave Bill, claims great forbearance for yielding to the law, but hints its determination to agitate for its repeal. In this, the *North American* is not alone among the most respectable presses of the North. Repeal, then, will be the cry. Repeal will be the act. What then will be the attitude of the South? Will it be treason then to abstain from singing peans to the Union? It would be well to look ahead and select our position in a contingency so near and threatening. It is the part of prudence "to snuff the tainted gale afar off," and prepare our sails and trim our craft, in time for the lowering tempest.

The *Pennsylvanian*, a liberal, high-toned journal, in allusion to these remarks of the *North American*, declares "there is no man who has studied the state of things now existing in the South who will not see that upon the fulfilment of the provisions of this law (the Fugitive Slave bill) by the North, the whole fabric of our Union depends." This is the conviction—the sense of the right and duty of the South expressed by a liberal and impartial journalist living in the North. And yet in the face of such conviction of all honest and honorable men, we are regaled here with long, elaborate and cunning but false and pernicious arguments against the policy of the people of Louisiana preparing themselves to meet the peril which hangs over them. The North may rave, foam at the mouth, and agitate with unbounded license, schemes which even her own citizens admit must result in the disruption of this glorious confederacy, but we of the South are to be silent, to fold our arms in quiet submission, and, disunited, divided, and unorganized, to meet at our very doors the solid, serried mass of a fanatical, determined, and united foe.

From the Washington Union.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

We are happy to see many of the leading presses of the North taking the right ground on this question. We trust that the Adjustment will be sustained in all its parts, although abolitionism and free-soilism, with the aid and co-operation of Wm. H. Seward and his followers, who recently effected a coalition with the President and his supporters, have made a violent assault upon one of its most important features. The whole Adjustment must be sustained, or the country will be plunged into greater danger than any from which it has escaped. The fugitive slave bill is a part of that Adjustment. It is not only in strict accordance with the constitution, but the constitution imperatively requires the passage of that or a similar law. The law of 1793 enacted the requirements of the constitution. It has been in force for more than half a century. During that time it has been the subject of controversy, and many times it has been before the courts of the United States. But in all that time no one, but some few violent fanatics, has ever thought for a moment that it violated the constitution, either because it gave the claimant of a fugitive from service a summary remedy, or denied the fugitive a jury trial in the State in which he is arrested. Even the great body of the abolitionists and factionists have never gone further than to contend that the State officers could not be required to carry out the law. The Supreme Court unanimously affirmed the constitutionality of the law, and decided that it was the duty of Congress to furnish the necessary officers and agents to execute the law. Immediately after the announcement of that decision, many of the States hostile to slave institutions enacted laws forbidding their officers to aid in carrying out the act of 1793. After a long and criminal delay, Congress has furnished the machinery necessary to execute the laws of 1793. The new law contains no principle which the old act did not contain. It does nothing more than provide officers to execute the law of 1793. That law gave the slave-owner a summary proceeding. It denied to the fugitive a trial by jury in the State to which he had fled. It recognized the writ of *habeas corpus* no further than the new law recognizes it.

From the Weekly (N. O.) Picayune.

THE BOSTON SLAVE CASE.

The fugitive slave case in Boston has been ended, so far as the possible recovery of the slaves is concerned, by their escape out of the country. It is formally announced in the papers as an item of news that Crafts and wife, just made man and wife, it seems, after having lived together in that relation in that city — where there are very stringent laws against that sort of connection, for which white men and women have been severely punished—have gone to England, under the patronage, we doubt not, of some who, after obstructing and evading the law, and helping to keep a Southern man out of his rights of property, still think themselves honest men and good citizens.

The circumstances connected with the attempt to reclaim these slaves were related with more preciseness than we have seen elsewhere in the narrative by Mr. Knight, one of the Georgians who was a party to the claim. It was published in this paper a short time ago. The simple result is, that the negroes were not recovered. The sole point of inquiry is, why and by what agency this result was brought about. It may be mentioned, by the bye, that Dr. Collins, the owner of Crafts, is one of the warmest supporters in Georgia of the compromise bills.

The report of Mr. Knight, who may be supposed to have as warm a feeling as any man on this head, for he was insulted and maltreated in various ways, does not assert the opinion that the law would have been forcibly obstructed, or would have failed to be enforced, if the officers of the law—the marshal and his deputies—had done their duty. We cannot find in the narrative any very distinct statement as to the conduct of the marshal himself, and there are no specific complaint of his refusal to do any particular act which the law requires. The facts press upon him the suspicion of negligence or timidity. They appear to show that the place of residence of these slaves was notorious, and that they were not arrested, and no real attempt seems to have been made to secure them under the process. The judiciary acted in due order. Two Judges of the U. States Court—Woodbury and Sprague, the U. S. Justice of the Supreme Court and the District Judge, together forming the Circuit Court—issued a warrant, on legal information and oaths, for the arrest of the fugitives. It was placed in the hands of the marshal duly, and it was not executed. Why was it not executed? The *Boston Post* affirms that probably the marshal could not have made the arrest with any force he could command, and that by reason of the excitement in the community against the claim. The *Boston Advertiser* is of opinion that the people of Boston, as a law-abiding people, would not have obstructed the execution of the warrant with any force, but would have aided the officers of the law. We cannot tell which is right, but we know that no attempt was made to execute the process, and the slaves are now beyond the reach of the law.

The question then remains undetermined, whether a process for the recovery of a fugitive slave can be executed in Boston at all. The officers of the law have not attempted it, and until they have attempted it, been resisted and have failed, the point must remain undetermined, and the efficacy of the means which the constitution provides for enforcing the processes and judgments of the judicial tribunals must remain untested.

It is the opinion of Mr. Knight, one of the parties in the case, that the public opinion in Boston is undergoing a favorable change, and that it is, or will shortly be, emphatically on the side of order and obedience to the law. The result of the late election in that city would confirm this opinion, as it is stated that Mr. Appleton, the member elect to succeed Mr. Eliot, who voted for the fugitive slave bill, will repeat the vote of Mr. Eliot. If so, it would show that the late ebullitions of excitement do not represent fairly the deliberate opinions of the people of that city, either in regard to the enforcement or the continuation of the law.

But for the practical nullification of the law during that excitement there must be some responsibility. The law was sufficiently efficacious, but it was not administered. Whose is that fault, and what is the remedy, to the injured party?

These questions, the first at least, have excited interest in all influential quarters. The *Washington Republic*, which, by its relations to the Administration, may be inferred not to speak against the wishes of the President, has openly censured the lax administration of the law, and called for explanations from the proper officer. This means the marshal and his deputies; and if the *Republic* calls for explanation, we understand the President is dissatisfied, and that he will call the marshal to account, and apply the corrective, if he shall be found to have failed in his duty. If in that inquiry it shall appear, as we believe it will, that the marshal, from fear or from prejudices, which he permitted to direct his conduct, wilfully obstructed the prompt execution of the law, he will be removed, and some one appointed who acknowledges the obligation to the law, and has the courage to do his duty. Such men can be found, and ought to be found without delay.

To the owners who have been thus deprived of their legal rights the law provides a remedy; and in the prosecution of that remedy all the facts will come out before a tribunal which does not recognize the "higher law" doctrine. The U. S. Courts have jurisdiction, and we learn that Dr. Collins designs to bring his action in those courts against all the parties upon whom he can fix a participation in the attempts to defeat the due execution of law.

From the Mobile Herald & Tribune.

Under our telegraph head we give, this morning, some additional information indicative of the condition of popular opinion at the North. These facts, and more, which we shall, from time to time, lay before our readers, are absolutely essential to a full and clear comprehension of the subject which now disturbs the public mind.

It will be seen by the accounts that in New England the fugitive law has roused a great storm. The people and politicians there have taken it in hand, and the agitation is spreading in every quarter. Before the meeting of the next Congress, on the 2d of December, if many arrests take place, there will be such a whirlwind of fury at the North, that no politician who favors that bill will be able to hold up his head. This is exactly what we expected. The feeling at the North is not one dependent on temporary measures of party policy. It is deep-woven into the whole texture of the moral and religious mind of the people. In the last Congress the members were behind the popular sentiment, and, for party purposes, they staid just so far behind, as to leave them time enough to catch up with it when the proper time came. The law will be a dead letter in the cities, and, instead of protecting the South, it will be the occasion of increased exasperation against it, and renewed efforts to curtail its power and authority still farther. There is no mistaking this tendency of the current. It is running against us with the most dangerous vehemence, and it is time that it should be seen and well considered before it overwhelms us.

Even in New York city, where exist the soundest papers in the North on the Southern question, there is not one, that we know of, that is above the influence of the moral sentiment at the bottom of this opposition. The *Journal of Commerce*, one of the most reasonable, and, in our opinion, the most sagacious presses of the North on this subject—a press which has stood honestly between us and the extreme doctrines around it—does not defend that law, except on the ground of necessity. In describing the recent restoration of the fugitive Hamlet to his master at Baltimore, it draws a pathetic picture of the inhumanity of the instance, and then alter exciting the sympathies of its readers, declares that it is law, and ought to be obeyed, because we owe respect to the law. How long can such a law exist, when men's hearts have been taught by artful lessons, on a groundwork of prejudice and ignorance, to consider it a crime against God and humanity? Not an hour. Even the most highly educated and phlegmatic man has no barrier against such feelings when they are rushing with headlong velocity against the simple respect which is due to an ordinance made by his fellow men.

In Massachusetts there is not a press that we have any knowledge of, that will dare to utter a word in its behalf. Law or no law, it will find no defenders there. In all New England, before a fortnight, we shall have a similar manifestation.

An attempt has been made to make this law an offset to what we yielded in the last Congress.—Those who are doing this must wait, before they adopt the argument. At best, the law amounts to nothing new. It is a constitutional law. It lies at the corner-stone of our political edifice. Without it there would have been no edifice at all. Therefore, it is nothing new. What Congress has done, is not to acknowledge a new right, but to take steps to enforce an old and undisputed one. This ought to have been done twenty years ago. Then it might have been effective. Now it is too late, and the very quasi boon, thus bestowed simply as a crust to compensate us for the surrender of the entire territories of the country, will be a curse. It will be the signal for an agitation as bitter as any which has preceded it—an agitation which, in its bold impulses, will have no limit to its demands, or be satisfied with anything but the total destruction of a constitutional defence. The lapse of six months will bring us the proof of this.

From the Daily Nashville Union.

☞We have but a few remarks to make in reply to the communication of "Shop Keeper." We agree with him, that the late disgraceful riots in Boston, were confined to the Abolitionists, free soilers, and free negroes. We do not believe, and never have believed, that those three beautiful tribes constitute a majority of the city. But in arriving at this conclusion, we have been compelled to look beyond the transaction, which prevented the Georgian from reclaiming his property. It may be that the Marshal faithfully discharged his duty. If so, we are free to say, that he was poorly sustained by those around him, and the facts make out a bad case for their love of law and order. If he failed to serve the warrant which had been placed in his hands, because of his indisposition to see the law enforced, he is a fit subject for the Presidential *axe*, and Mr. Fillmore should use it without delay. Whilst the motley mob were annoying, insulting, and threatening Hughes and Knight, it cannot be denied, that the better portion of citizens were attending to their daily avocations without stopping to reflect, that deep disgrace was being inflicted on their city. No doubt they now see the error of their indifference, and we expect to hear a different result in the next Fugitive case in Boston. Until that time arrives, however, were we a merchant we should be very certain to hold *non-commercial intercourse* with *that* city! Of course we would hold no other city, town or State responsible for the crimes or *folly* of Boston. What difference does it make to the owner of the negro Crafts and his wife, whether the Fugitive law is set aside by a dozen, or one hundred thousand persons. In either case he is deprived of his property, and paper sympathy will do him no good. Here we wish it distinctly understood, that we have recommended *non-commercial intercourse* with Boston only so long as she remains in a suspicious attitude. The moment she *speaks out*, and *acts out* a law abiding spirit we would renew our trade with her.

These remarks are applicable to any other city, which either *cannot* or *will not* enforce the Fugitive law, and to no others.

☞The following telegraphic despatch appears in the Louisville papers of Monday. We hail the news it communicates with joy. Owing to the recent nullification of the Fugitive slave law in Boston, a reliable account of which is given in another article, it is time that a different spirit should be manifested—it is time that the patriotic citizens of that city, should arouse themselves and vindicate by their conduct the ancient reputation of their Commonwealth. Thousands in the South believe, that the patriots of Boston are in a woful minority. We fervently hope that the sequel will show this to be a great mistake:

"Boston, Nov. 16.

"Considerable disturbance occurred last night at Faneuil Hall, at a meeting for the reception of George Thompson, the English Abolitionist. Lloyd, Garrison, and Phillips, made introductory speeches, and were hooted off the stage amidst loud cheers for Daniel Webster and the Union. Thompson came forward to speak, but could not be heard, amid the cries, and groans, and cheers for Webster, Gov. Briggs, the Union, Boston Tea Party, and Jenny Lind. All efforts to restore order were useless. Fred. Douglass undertook to restore order, but was treated like his predecessors. The lights were half put out, and semidarkness with black speakers on the stand, formed a picturesque scene. Finally the speakers and officers retired, when the police officers took the stand and requested the crowd to adjourn, which was done amid three cheers for the Union and groans for John Bull and the disunionists."—*Ibid.*

From the (Augusta, Ga.,) Constitutionalist.

Nullification in Boston.—Our readers are invited to a careful perusal of Mr. Hughes account of his expedition in pursuit of the runaways to Boston, and his treatment there. His version is rather more richly colored than that of Mr. Knight. It is more graphic and minute in some respects, and it extenuates nothing, while it gives only the facts.

In the face of this narrative and of the recent elections, there are presses in Georgia still credulous enough to believe that the North is sound on the Fugitive Slave law. There are intelligent men, political and party hacks, who know better, but will say the same thing. Let the thinking man who forms opinions for himself and from facts, judge for himself.

Selections.

From Burritt's Christian Citizen.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

Free Speech Vindicated—Tyranny Rebuked—Voice of the People—Reception of George Thompson.

Saturday evening witnessed in our city one of the noblest manifestations of the will of the people, in favor of free thought and free speech, that ever was made in this country. It was one which proved that the Heart of the Commonwealth is still in its right place, and that all its pulsations are true, as ever, to the great principles of eternal justice and impartial liberty. The citizens of Worcester, seeing that the right of free speech had been struck down in Faneuil Hall, and trampled under foot by the minions of the slave power, in the presence of the city authorities of Boston, and by their connivance and consent, determined at once, that so far as it could be done by them, that sacred right should be vindicated and upheld, and that the spirit of lawless violence, which had broken loose, should be rebuked. An invitation was, therefore, promply extended to GEORGE THOMPSON, in whose person this great right had been violated, to visit Worcester, and to address the citizens in the City Hall. This invitation was signed by the Mayor and most of the officers of the City Government, and was duly accepted, and the time designated for Saturday evening.

Our City Hall, as is well known, is one of the largest in New England—probably the largest out of Boston. The meeting was fixed for 7 1-2 o'clock, and at 6 1-2 every seat in the vast hall and galleries was filled, and, for more than an hour longer, the people came in throngs, and were compelled to leave, because they could not gain admittance. Not only were the seats all filled, but the aisles and stairs, densely crowded with anxious listeners. Not less than three thousand persons, it is believed, were present, and, had the hall been twice its size, it would have been well filled.

Our worthy and popular Mayor, HENRY CHAPIN, Esq., presided over the meeting. On being called to the chair, he made the following ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We assemble to-night to welcome to our midst one whose fame is limited to no one country, and whose sympathies are narrowed by no feelings of nationality.

It seems but yesterday, when, some fifteen years ago, in a neighboring city, a stranger from the Old World, poured out, for three successive evenings, a torrent of mingled eloquence and argument, and taught to some of us the first rudiments of Anti-Slavery, with a dignity and power never to be forgotten. With singular unanimity we played the truant to our college duties, to learn from the lips of the true-hearted Briton the doctrine of that higher law which makes the tyrant tremble, and which is now moving the masses of our people, and readily did we join in the unanimous declaration of the vast assembly—"Resolved, That the spirit with which George Thompson discusses the question of American Slavery, commends him to the favorable regard of the American people."

But pure as was the spirit which actuated him, it saved him not from persecution, and a few months afterwards he was driven from our shores by a spirit as malignant, as relentless, and as unforgiving as that which actuated the silversmiths of the days of the Apostles, when "they shouted for the space of three hours 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' and the whole City was in confusion."

The impressions of that day have not been lost, and we have watched the course of the Orator of Freedom with feelings of unabated interest. We have seen him traversing the realm of England, and doing battle with the system of West India Slavery, until success has crowned the efforts of himself and his compeers, and

"Every flap of England's flag
Proclaims that all around are free;
From farthest Ind to each blue crag
That beetle's o'er the heaving sea."

We have seen him exposing the odious monopolies and the infamous tyranny of British East India Company, until all England has stood aghast and fixed her eye upon the operations of that Company with a keenness and scrutiny not to be disregarded. We have seen him herling his anathemas against the Corn Laws of England, until the breadstuffs in that country have been freed from their paralyzing influences. We have seen him at all times and on all occasions true to the great purpose of his life, with all his interests identified with the living masses of the people, and we find him at this moment a member of the Parliament of England, elected by a larger popular majority than any other member of that body.

Years have passed away, and he who was driven from our shores with contumely and reproach, has again crossed the deep blue sea, and is now in the midst of us. Thousands upon thousands have rejoiced at his coming and have longed to bid him welcome. And though his voice has been drowned in the old cradle of liberty by *creatures* who have inflicted indelible disgrace upon the capitol of the old Bay State, yet thank God that at this hour the Heart of the Commonwealth, *while it beats true to the Union, beats free.* That although Faneuil Hall is for the present *engaged*, the halls in the country are consecrated to free thought and free speech; that although the selfishness of

With mingled emotions of pride and pleasure, I avail myself of the opportunity to introduce to this vast assembly the Honorable George Thompson, of England.

As Mr. Thompson took the stand, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, prolonged for some time, and closing with *three cheers*. He then addressed the audience in a speech of about two hours' length, during which the applause was so frequent, spontaneous and hearty, as to evince the warm sympathy of the audience in the sentiments of the speaker.

We had a full report of Mr. Thompson's Speech, phonographically taken, but its great length, and the press of matter, prevents our publishing it. We feel bound, however, in justice to the speaker, to give the introductory portion of it, which was as follows:

MR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Have I your permission to speak here to-night? [Applause.] Have I your permission to speak *freely* here to-night? [Renewed cheers and cries of 'Yes! Yes!'] I thank you for that permission, and I will avail myself of it, whilst I don't abuse it. My friends! I can at all times appear unabashed before an American audience; for amidst cataracts of abuse — amidst charges too many to be noted, under epithets that have scarcely ever been accumulated on the head of any other man, not one sentence, that I ever uttered, on the subject of American Institutions, has ever been put on print as a witness against my integrity, and my love for this country. [Loud cheers.] And, if there be any man here who, amidst the multitudinous speeches that have been delivered by me, in this country, or in my own, on the subject of American Slavery, in reference to this country generally, has culled one passage—one word—of which he thinks I ought to be ashamed, let him take this platform, to-night, and produce it in the midst of this magnificent assembly. Is it not strange that while I am branded over the length of your land, by epithets that you would not cast upon a malefactor —is it not strange, I repeat, that not one solitary paragraph or sentence of any speech I ever uttered has ever been put into one newspaper, to bear evidence against me? I have spoken as from the house top; I have courted observation; I have poured out my heart of hearts; I have always said the worst that was in my heart, in reference to that I have deemed censurable in this country; yet I have not an enemy, however vigilant or unwearied, who can, to-night, I confidently say it, quote one sentence I ever uttered that disparages aught that is good, generous, noble or free, throughout the length or breadth of this land. [Loud applause.]

I say thus much, to propitiate your kind attention. I say this, that you may believe that a *friend*, and not an *enemy*, has come amongst you. I say this, that it may go forth throughout your city, that, on this platform, I challenged from amongst this assembled multitude, the man, if he was here, to stand upon this platform, and quote one word I ever uttered, for which, in Republican and Christian America, a man should be condemned. [Applause.] Enough by way of exordium. I *am* amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me, to see so many virtues, thus united, to restore justice and dethrone oppression. [Applause.]

Sir, whatever co-operation has been extended to me, has been spontaneous. I ask not the "God-speed" of any man here who is not the friend of free speech, of human liberty, and of the law of the Love of God. (Loud cheers.) Why, then, do I come to this country? Do you put this question to every man who comes here? (Applause and laughter.) Why, then, put it to me? But it *is* put; and to save editors the trouble of imagining causes which never brought me here, I will tell them, as far as I am able, what motives did actually bring me to these shores. Your respected Mayor has said, that I was here sixteen years ago, and has told you, truly, that I did not live the most undisturbed and unmolested life that any authorite ever lived—that I was persecuted from these shores. Yes, my crime was the love of liberty, and the generosity of your countrymen was to drive me with the assassin's knife from hence.

But sir, whilst I was here, I found friends—and *such* friends! so noble, so pure, so chivalrous, so generous, so trustworthy, so brave, in my defence, that I have not been a day from this country, during the last fifteen years, that I have not thought of those friends, and wished to see them once again. I came here to see them. Was there any crime in that? [Applause.] I came here to see how it fared with them, after fifteen years of absence. And, I thank God, I found them still gathered round the standard of universal liberty. I found them still true to the cause of the fettered millions of America's children upon these shores: I found them still abiding by the eternal principles of right, which shall yet purify and save this great Union. [Applause.] Sir, these noble-minded friends had it in their heart to welcome me to Boston, in the Cradle of Liberty. They supposed they did not misconceive, that thousands of their fellow-citizens would join them in that welcome.

When I was apprised of that intention I threw no obstacle in the way; and glad and proud alike would I have been, to be permitted to address the citizens of Boston, within the walls of Old Faneuil Hall. I felt and still feel, that Faneuil Hall would not have been disgraced by my presence; [cheers,] that the serene countenance of Washington would not have looked down in anger, upon a man who loves those principles for which Washington fought, and bled, and legislated, and died, and who desires the spread, establishment, and perpetuity of these principles wherever the footsteps of man may go. [Loud cheers.]

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, before proceeding to make any further remarks to-night, let me have the permission of this audience, to remove at once any misconception that may have arisen respecting the object of my present mission to this country. It has been stated, that, as a member of the British Parliament, I represent the most corrupt constituency in Great Britain, and that my seat was obtained by bribery. It is said, also, that I am either the agent of Lord Palmerston, the foreign minister of England, or of the East India Company, the rulers of British India. It is further said, and that too by aWorcester Journal, that upon credible authority, that paper, (the *Ægis*) was informed that on the voyage to this country, I did not conceal, that one of my objects, in coming here, was to bring about a severance of the States. I deny that; utterly and absolutely deny it! Call upon the editor of that paper in his next issue to give up his authority! Defy him to produce a living witness to a whisper of mine, that can by possibility bear such a construction. [Loud cheers.] It has been further stated, that the special object of my mission to this country, is, to sever the cotton-growing States from the other States of the Union! That, for this service, I am to be liberally paid in *British Gold*. Now to *each* and *all* of these charges, as to the one contained in the *Ægis*, my answer is, that they are absolutely false, and without a shadow of foundation. [Applause.] I am neither the agent of the Government of England, nor of any association or individual in Great Britain, or the world. I have no mission from a living being in this country. I have no particular object to serve or to promote by coming to this country; and as for being paid for anything I do here—I paid my passage out—I pay my expenses whilst on your soil,—and I shall have to pay my passage home;—and the gold has not yet been found, in Peru or California, that is to buy my advocacy of any principle, that does not square with the rights of man, and with the declaration of American Independence. [Loud cheers.] Let it then be understood, sir, that any opposition offered to me in this country, is offered *to me as an individual*, for I am utterly alone."

Having thus disposed of the calumnies, the speaker reviewed at some length, the scenes at Faneuil Hall, and read extracts from several of the Boston papers of the next morning to shew the character of the opposition which was directed against him on that occasion, and while he treated that opposition as it deserved—confined as it was to two or three hundred reckless individuals, he acquitted the great mass of the audience of any desire or willingness to favor or countenance the disturbance. He then vindicated, most satisfactorily and triumphanly, his right to be heard by the American people. That right might as well be tested in his person as any other, and no threat of violence would drive him from his purpose, nor would he again leave the coultry by compulsion

But we have not room to give even the heads of his discourse. In the course of it, he quoted freely from Jefferson and other distinguished Americans, at one time contrasting the Daniel Webster of 1837 with him of 1850. In the closing portion of his address, he cited the case of Lafayette, a *foreigner*, who came here to mingle in our domestic strifes, and quoted the conclusion of Gov. Everett's splendid eulogy on him, the leading idea of which is, the value of LIBERTY *protected* by LAW.

When he concluded, the applause was rapturous in the extreme, and three times three cheers for George Thompson were given with a heartiness and unanimity, such as we have rarely witnessed in that hall or elsewhere. Three cheers more were then given for the Mayor. This would probably have closed the *exercises* of the evening, had not some one, in the desperation of hunkerism, called for three cheers for Daniel Webster. This call was responded to only by the caller, but was received by the mass of the audience with mingled hisses and groans. The gathering then began slowly to disperse, few seeming willing to go, and most of the people lingering, as if to enjoy still longer the fervid spirit which had animated the meeting.

We rejoice in this great and satisfactory demonstration. It was a spontaneous outbreak of the pent up feelings of the intelligent masses, in favor of freedom of impartial liberty to the whole world. As such, it possesses an invincible moral power, and must have an influence for good. It shows that, however it may be in Boston, the people of the country are sound to the core, that they will neither submit to wear chains themselves, nor aid to fix them upon others—that, though the slave power may call upon them to cease discussion, it might as well call for spirits from the vasty deep, that will not come for calling. The day is gone by to thing of stopping free speech, either by wheedling or intimidation. The people have taken their stand on the side of everlasting Truth and Justice and they WILL MAINTAIN IT.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1850

GEORGE THOMPSON IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE country towns in Massachusetts are not less emphatically rebuking the Capital, in the reception which they are giving to George Thompson than they did, in the recent election, condemn the central clique of Hunkerism for their conservative pro-slavery spirit. He is greeted everywhere by immense and most enthusiastic audiences. The Boston riot has given an Anti-Slavery direction to his visit which it otherwise would not have had; and the 'Boston Courier' and other papers which instigated the row, and the 'Chronotype' and others which defend it, may rest in the conviction that Anti-Slavery and Garrisonism has received an impetus quite unlooked for from his visit

Among several other meetings held during the past week are those at Worcester and Lynn. From the 'Christian Citizen' we copy a brief report of that at Worcester, and from the full report of the Lynn meeting, in the 'Liberator,' we take the speech of Mr. Thompson, as all we have room for.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In presenting myself before this audience, I may, not inappropriately, use the language of an English dramatist, and say,

> 'I am amongst you!
> And by heaven it glads me
> To see so many virtues thus united
> To restore justice and dethrone oppression.'

(Cheers.) Accept the grateful thanks which, from a full heart, I offer you, for this cordial welcome, and more than kind reception, in the city of Lynn. (Loud cheers.) The scene on which I am now privileged to gaze is full of instruction. It conveys a lesson of solemn import and of inestimable value to every humble and steadfast reformer. Other scenes connected with past times are passing before my mind's eye; scenes connected with the early history of the Anti-Slavery cause in this town. The pictures differ. The scenes of 1835 have dissolved, and given place to the spectacle now before me. (Cheers.) The Lynn of 1835 is not the Lynn of 1850. (Applause.)

What lesson does the difference in the pictures teach? I answer, that which was taught millenniums ago. 'He that goeth forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, shall verily come again, rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him': the lesson, that he that sows in hope shall reap in joy; the lesson, 'Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.'" (Great cheering)

From the reception given to me a few nights ago, and repeated on the present occasion, I am led to believe that you do not place implicit faith in the representations which have been given of the objects of my visit to this country.

You have been told that, as a member of the British Parliament, I represent the most corrupt constituency in the word. You have been told that I came here either as 'the agent of Lord Palmerston,' the foreign minister in England, or as 'the agent of the East India Company'; and that, whether in the one capacity or in the other, I have been sent here with evil designs towards the institutions of America. You have been told that, in my passage out, I 'did not conceal that one of my purposes was to promote the dissolution of the American Union.' You have been told that the special and specific object of my missoh is, 'to promote the secession of the cotton-growing States from the Union.' You have been told, that there is no more doubt than of the existence of the editor of a New York paper, that 'my services in the cause of Disunion are liberally paid for by British gold.'

All this you have been told by the public instructors of the daily press within the last few days. That you do not believe these statements is sufficiently evinced by your attendance here this evening. (Cheers.) If, however, you expect from me any notice of such statements, I am prepared to tell you, that they contain not one syllable of truth, nor the shadow of foundation. (Tremendous cheers.)

There is not in any part of the world, where the people, or any portion of the people, elect their representatives, a purer or more incorruptible constituency than that which I have the honor to represent. Nor was there ever an election more free from the stain of bribery, dictation, or intimidation, than that which placed me in the House of Commons. (Cheers.) Instead of being the agent of the British Government, I am one of the small number of the representatives of the people, who statedly vote against the administration, on almost all questions affecting the public expenditure, the extension of the suffrage, and the taxation of the country. (Cheers.)

On my passage to this country, I held no conversation with my fellow-passengers on the subject of Slavery, nor did I ever express an opinion on the question of the Union. (Cheers.)

With the East India Company I have been at war, from the moment that I became interested in the condition of the natives of our East India possessions; nor have I any reason to believe that a single individual belonging to that Company knew of my intention to visit the United States until informed of the fact by the public prints. (Cheers.)

The idea of promoting the secession of the cotton-growing States never entered my mind; and, as for being liberally paid by British gold, for any services in this country, I have neither accepted any, been offered any, nor expect any; nor has the gold yet been found in California or Peru that would procure my advocacy of a principle, at war with the freedom of the human race, or contrary to the fundamental maxim of the Declaration of American Independence. (Great cheering.)

It was the boast of one of the papers from which I have quoted—a boast of no remoter date than yesterday morning—that the prints I have refered to for these statements are the creators of the public opinion in the cities in which they circulate. If they are, then you may judge how far the public opinion is likely to be correct on the subject of my present visit to this country. (Cheers.)

It is said by these papers that I have been silenced and put down in the city of Boston. Fortunately for me, and for the cause with which they have identified me, these same journals have described the process by which I was prevented from speaking when I presented myself before an audience in Faneuil Hall. I will quote the account given by some of these 'leaders of public opinion.' They shall themselves inform the world of what materials the noble army was composed that defeated the object of the meeting. I cull the following elegant extracts from the papers of the next day.

First let me cite the sketches made by these artists of my own personal appearance. (Cheers.)

According to one report, 'Thompson is a big, burly, beef-and-pudding-eating gentleman, who crossed his arms, and placidly grinned at the noisy demonstration, in praiseworthy coolness.' (Loud laughter.) According to another report, 'Thompson is a gray-haired, sharp-leatured man, about five feet ten inches in height, and looks something like McGill of the Exchange, only not near so good-looking. He seems like one of those lean, hungry demagogues, portrayed by Shakspeare.' (Great laughter.) According to another, 'George Thompson is a fine-looking man, of 45 or 50 years of age, and quite good natured and amiable in his deportment.'

Let us see how these read together: 'Thompson is a big, burly, beef-and-pudding-eating, sharp-faced, lean, hungry, fine-looking man, grinning placidly, and quite good natured and amiable in his deportment.' This description would, I think, sufficiently perplex the unfortunate artist who should be furnished with it, for the purpose of enabling him to put me upon canvass. (Laughter.)

There is much less confusion in the narratives which record the reception which this singular being met with at the hands of the 200 who forced their way into the hall. One journal informed its readers that 'Not short of ten thousand of the funniest, noisiest, leather-lunged, kick-up-a-dust spirits' attended; that they YELLED, SCREECHED, BRAYED and cheered; that when Mr. Phillips arose, 'the *yelling* was *terrific*'—'enough to make the hair of a giant stand on end.' 'The greasy citizens broke out into alternations of GROANS and HISSES, hisses and groans, as best suited their tastes upon this special occasion.' 'Mr. Phillips was as hoarse as a boatswain's mate, by his efforts to be heard by THIS WORSE THAN TEN BEDLAMS scene.'

'Mr. Edmund Quincy then came upon the rostrum, wagged his tongue, and shook his hands, hair and teeth at the crowd, but the groans that assailed him soon vanquished his fire.'

'Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON then came forward; but it was 'no go.' Rings, about fifteen feet in diameter, [!] were made in the centre of the house, for some of the incipient Belcher Kays and Tom Hyers to 'go in,' and then a party gave out Yankee Doodle, no particular metre, and all those who could 'pucker' went in and whistled the thing off as natural as life. As he left the platform, the yells GOOSE-HISSING and crowing were HORRIBLE.'

'THEODORE PARKER was the next victim; but he soon came down, as he might as well have tried a game of quoits with a whirlwind.'

I will not shock the feelings of this audience by reading what follows. It professes to be an account of the reception given to my friend FREDERICK DOUGLASS. The writer concludes his report by pronouncing the proceedings as 'altogether very rich, and a lively and exciting little episode

Another journal gives the following account of my reception:

GEO. THOMPSON stepped forward. On his appearance, there went up *a roar of the most frightful description*. It seemed indeed as if *ten thousand screams had been commingled into one'. It was a combination of heaped up disgust; it seemed as if the people had let out the pent-up rage of centuries.* (!!!) Hisses, groans and cries, commingled with cheers for the Union, Daniel Webster, Jenny Lind, Abby Folsom, William Shakspeare, and Richard the Third, cat-calls, whistles, imitation of the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the quacking of ducks, were the order of the time. Some called out for him to go home, and save his own slaves; others inquired particularly after the state of the natives of British India; two or three were solicitous as to the health of Queen Victoria's babies, and all seemed determined that he should not say a word. The only audible expression he made was, 'Gentlemen!' then another roar, and the balance of his speech—no doubt very nice—was lost forever.' 'Altogether' (says the writer of this article), 'this was the greatest and the funniest meeting ever held in Boston.'

Take another account. After speaking of Mr. EDMUND QUINCY as an 'abolition popinja,' of Mr. GARRISON as 'a maniac,' and of the 3,000 peaceable persons present as the 'Garrison gang,' the writer goes on to describe the reception given to Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS:

'Phillips was here interrupted by yells, screeches, and war-whoops—cries of 'Wendell, sit down!' 'Gammon!' 'Gas!' Call for Thompson. 'Get a rail!' 'Let him put his head to soak.'

The scene during the time I was before the audience is next described:

'Rings were formed in the centre of the hall, in which individual and general fights took place; hats were smashed, and ivory-headed canes flew briskly—then came a series of dances, with Indian war-whoop accompaniments. IT WAS HELL LET LOOSE, AND NO MISTAKE! Even the negro women in the gallery looked pale. Garrison was very sad. Ed. Quincy was exceedingly mad. Theodore Parker seemed very devout, and engaged in prayer. Phillips was in a quandary. Jackson scratched his bald pate. Douglass raved. Meanwhile, the turbulent mass watched every movement of the leaders of the meeting: and no sooner would Thompson or any one attempt to speak, than the roof would seem to be lifted with the thunder-tones of a thousand excited men. At 5 o'clock, Thompson again made a demonstration of leaving the rostrum, but he was urged to 'wait a little longer' by his friends. Three cheers for Daniel Webster—three for the ladies in the gallery—three awful groans for John Bull—and then a large company commenced whistling Yankee Doodle, which was excellently performed, and received great applause.'

I will only quote one other short paragraph from another of 'the leaders' of public opinion in Boston. This journal commences its account in the following manner:

'The Thompson Reception Meeting last evening at Faneuil Hall was one of the most wonderful occasions on the records of modern history. *Such* a reception very few men ever yet had, *either over, upon or under the earth.* We never heard such UNEARTHLY, INHUMAN, STRANGE, UNCOUTH, HIDEOUS noises in all our born days. ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT BABEL WAS LET LOOSE, AND ALL THE BLACK FIENDS OF THE LOWER REGION OUT ON A FROLIC.'

Such are the accounts given of the means resorted to, to break up a meeting of the friends of Reform, International Amity, and Universal Emancipation, intended to be held in Faneuil Hall, Boston. It may safely be left to the calm judgment of the people of New England to decide who has reason to blush for the part he took on that occasion. If the city authorities, the instigators of the 200 individuals who made all the confusion, and the actual perpetrators of the outrage, have easy consciences, still more may those who went there as the friends of peace, of freedom, and of human brotherhood. If the actors in the scene and their advisers, together with the official lookers-on, can forgive themselves, we may well forgive them; for they have injured no cause but their own, no one's reputation but their own. As for myself, it shall be my study to merit the disapprobation of those who are the enemies of *fair* play, and who, as far as in my can, imitate those in another region who have deprived of the faculty of speech three millions of the human race. No wonder that the apologists of Slavery at the South desire to put down free speech at the North.

I will, on this occasion, deal sparingly in my rebukes of such conduct as, under the tuition of certain parties in Boston, was displayed towards me in Faneuil Hall a few days ago. But I will crave leave to read a few lnies from an oration delivered in *that hall* a week after my landing in America in 1834. At the very time that I was denied the shelter of a hotel in New York, for myself, my wife, and my infant child, an eulogy was pronounced on Lafayette, by one of the most accomplished scholars and orators in this country. I quote from the speech of Edward Everett of Cambridge, Massachusetts Addressing a Boston audience from the very spot where I was assailed in the eyes of the marshal of the city, Mr. Everett said—

'And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of Liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of Liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of Liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? The love of Liberty, protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, and of your pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—the love of liberty protected by law.

'You have now assembled within these celebrated walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love on the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us,—THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW.'

These are thoughts that breathe in words that burn. But, where was the love of liberty protected by law on the 15th of November, 1850? Where was the respect for that 'votive canvas' which portrays the majestic form and benignant features of Washington, the father of his country, whose solemn admonition to his fellow-citizens was, 'to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of *licentiousness*, cherishing the first, *avoiding the last*'?

What were the echoes of that 'renowned hall' at the time when the scene resembled 'Bable let loose,' or 'a frolic among the black fiends of the lower regions'? Did these echoes 'whisper back the voices of other days'? the voices of HANCOCK, and ADAMS, and GORHAM, and KING, and GERRY, and PAINE? Alas! for the cause of 'Liberty protected by LAW.' The celebrated walls of that renowned hall reverberated on that occasion only with the brutal exclamations, the ribald jests, and cowardly anathemas of a band of misguided men—conspirators against the memory of Washington, the principles of Republican liberty, and the right in every country, savage or civilized, of a freeborn man to be heard in his own defence. (Great applause.)

The justification set up for this outrage against law, decency, liberty and truth, is, that it was committed against a *foreigner*. The excuse does but augment the enormity of the crime; it does but show in bolder relief the atrocity and meanness of the conspirators. (Great cheering.) That he was a foreigner, who had thrown himself upon the generous and manly feelings of the people, ought to have been to him a stronger defence

> 'Than could the substance of ten thousand troops,
> Armed all in proof,

have been. But, 'I should have abused America.'—Who knows this? No mortal eye had seen the notes of my speech. No person in Boston knew what I was going to say. But I *might* have abused America; at all events, as a foreigner, I had no right to claim a hearing in Faneuil Hall, and was rightly served. So say the papers I have referred to, and so say scores of others.

I this morning received a copy of the *Richmond (Va.) Enquirer*, dated November the 15th, the day of the Boston outrage. I have brought it to this meeting, and here it is. In the top left hand corner of the first page is written, '☞ See within.☜' The first column of the second page is a leading article, headed 'George Thompson.' I have sincere pleasure in reading the first paragraph, and hearing testimony to its general truth:

'HON.' GEORGE THOMPSON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

England annually casts upon our shores vast numbers of her people, who, fleeing from a land where unendurable pauperism threatens them, come hither to seek a place of refuge and of rest. To all such we bid a cordial welcome; our laws protect them; *our country opens to them, in its vast domains, homes of happiness and independence*, and we greet them in the forest, in the workshops, and in all the numberless employments of city and country. They come to join us in the work of building up this great Republic, to aid in advancing its mighty destiny; AND WE RECEIVE THEM AS BRETHREN. Whether such emigrants shall go North, South, East or West, with intent to seek their fortunes, they are received with a hearty welcome, and a 'God speed' is not denied them. To the sailor, the factor, and the agent, who are connected with that vast commerce, which, to the mutual advantage of both people, is prosecuted between them, we extend not only the protection of our laws, but all the hospitalities which exist between nations; while to men of intelligence who come hither to view our lands, our forests, our rivers and our cities, there is but one language held from the St. Johns to the Pacific—'Go, see for yourselves, a people happy and a country prosperous. Note the workings of the great fabric of government which stretches its sway from sea to sea over 25,000,000 of people, without a sensible pressure, and then return to the Old World, instructed and enlightened.'

I have said, I concur in the general accuracy of the representation. That the whole truth may go forth to the world, and not a portion of the truth only, I must add a few words in this paragraph. In the first place, I will quote the Constitution of the State of Virginia—the State in which the editor lives, and in which he publishes his paper. The Constitution says—

All men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inherent rights; of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot, by any compact deprive or divest their posterity; viz, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.'

An emigrant from England might well be deceived by perusing this part of the Constitution of Virginia. What inference could he draw from it, but that the inhabitants of the State were all free, and that in Virginia, more than in any other part of the world, he would enjoy the largest amount of liberty compatible with the rights of others? That in Virginia, at least, he might stand on the Constitution, and boldly rebuke the tyrant who would impiously dare to invade the freedom of his fellow-man? But what is the fact? Virginia is a slaveholding State. It is a State that would to-day deprive of life the man who dared to open his mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy. It is a State sealed against the admission, except to be executed as a felon, of any man who does not leave upon its confines the dearest right which God has given him, the right to speak out his thoughts. To emigration to Virginia! As well enter a jungle in India infested by tigers, as the 'Old Dominion.' The chivalry of Virginia now consists of hanging every man who crosses her borders, unless he renounces the divine faculty of speech, or offers up his soul on the altar of Slavery and Mammon. Emigrate to Virginia! Let my countrymen, before they do so, read what the Hon. Mr. Custis, a Virginian, has said on the subject. Standing on the soil that gave birth to the illustrious Washington, he says:—

'Of the multitude who seek an asylum in the empire of liberty, how many turn their steps to the region of the slave? None. There is a malaria in the atmosphere of those regions, witnessed in a sparse population of freemen, deserted habitations, and fields without culture. Even the wolf, after the lapse of a hundred years returns to howl over the desolations of Slavery.'

Thank God! all Virginia's sons have not thought Slavery the corner-stone of the republican edifice!—Hear what Mr. Faulkner, another Virginian, has said;

'Tax our lands, vilify our country, carry the sword of extermination through our defenceless villages; but spare us, I implore you, THE CURSE OF SLAVERY, *that bitterest curse from the chalice of the destroying angel!*'

It is for having sought to rid the world of this, its deadliest curse, that I am denounced by the writer of this article. It is for being an abolitionist of this desolating and destroying system, that, as you will presently see, I am marked out for assassination

The paragraphs following from the one upon which I have offered these passing comments are full of abuse of me, or are extracts from other papers, containing the fiercest vituperation. Take the following specimens of the spirit of the '*Enquirer*':—

'A few years ago * * * *He dared, a foreigner*, the subject of another government, to lecture our people on their moral and political duties, and to rail against our Government for tolerating a domestic institution existing in many of the States. * * * He fled from the country, from the effects of the feeling he had excited. * * * He returns now, after the lapse of fifteen years. * * * Upon his arrival in Boston, he was hailed by a rabble troop of shouting fanatics and runaway negroes. * * * Dare he, now, a responsible agent of a foreign government, interfere with our domestic affairs? And if he does, will any portion of our people tolerate such bold interference? And if any portion of them be so lost and degraded as to do so, WILL THE GOVERNMENT IN SILENCE PERMIT IT? If it be tolerated, what shall hinder all the powers of Europe from inundating our land with official agents, to hasten on the catastrophe of dissolution and disunion? Does no law, no power exist to punish a member of Parliament, who comes among us a disturber of the public peace? *He should be consumed in the wrath of an indignant people* for his audacity.'

Such is the spirit of this leading article. On the margin, written with a pen, is the following communication addressed to me:—

'Read! Read!! and ponder well these articles; for let me tell you, once for all and for ever, you INFAMOUS SCOUNDREL, that if you are found within the confines of Massachusetts, or of any other State in this Union, even the most remote and secret corner thereof, ninety days precisely, from the date of this paper, you are as surely A DEAD MAN as your name is George Thompson. Abolitionism, and all other *isms* combined, cannot save you. Mark the words well, and keep a sharp look out for COLT'S REVOLVER.'

Let me tell the anti-republican and slave-holding miscreant who traced these lines, that those who plead for the American slave are under the protection of Him who hath said—'No weapon formed against you shall prosper.' (Great Cheering.) I am to be censured, says the Enquirer. I must look out for 'Colt's revolvers,' says the assassin who sends me this paper. What then? Suppose you succeed in crushing the man, will that be efficacious to crush the idea? Did the death of Morgan crush Anti-Masonry? Did the death of Lovejoy put down Anti-Slavery? Bring me to the stake; consume me; cast my ashes abroad on the four winds of heaven; and what have you done? From every individual atom another George Thompson shall arise, purified by the fire of martyrdom, to rebuke us with the lightnings of heaven the system which is defended by the weapons of hell. (Enthusiastic cheers.) O, silly and ignorant men! I have no feelings for you but those of deep compassion. The 'revolver' has yet to be invented that can reach the heart of abolitionism! Are you so deluded as to suppose that, by the immolation of the man who tells you from this place that he despises you, and that He who sitteth in the heavens holds you in derision—are you so given up to your own depraved conceits, that you are of opinion that, by murdering me, you would murder the spirit of antagonism which is engaged in a death-grapple with the monster of Slavery? (Immense applause.) As for me, looking up to the God who hath made of one blood, to be one family, the nations of the earth, I humbly say—My times are in Thy hands, and when Thou permittest me to fall in thy cause, thy servant will not die too soon. (Intense sensation, and prolonged cheers.)

Immediately following the leading article from which I have quoted, is another editorial, calling upon the citizens of Richmond to sign a petition to the State Legislature, in favor of a grant of money towards a full sized marble statue of Mr. Jefferson, to be placed in the University of Virginia, of which that distinguished Statesman was the founder. The petition is printed beneath the editorial, and contains a glowing but just eulogium upon the talents and patriotism of the great man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence. The petition styles Mr. Jefferson the great apostle of human freedom, and says, 'his letters are jewels of composition.' The editor of the Enquirer says of Mr. Jefferson—

'He was a diamond of the first magnitude. His pen was bright as the rays of the rising sun—his conclusions were as powerful and irresistible as the flood—his self-reliance was a phalanx more to be dreaded than armed men—whilst his equanimity was as bland and gentle as the morning dew. He drew his reflections, on all subjects, from a spring whose stream bubbled forth fresh from truth and justice. His sagacity was as clear and distinct as the eagle's vision—his love of his fellow-man struck at the foundation of human ills—and his learning was profound and varied.'

(Great laughter followed the reading of this paragraph.) The enthusiastic editor, in this passage, has excelled Mr. Jefferson himself in brilliancy of style and profusion of metaphor. As an example of fine writing, I beg to hand it to my friend, Wendell Phillips, for his improvement and imitation. (Cheers.) Agreeing with the petition, that Mr. Jefferson's letters are '*jewels of composition*,' and with the Enquirer, that 'his love of his fellow-man struck at the foundation of human ills,' I have brought a volume of Jefferson's correspondence to this meeting, and shall take the liberty of reading a letter written by the same hand that wrote the Declaration of Independence.

The celebrated Dr. Price, of England, a foreigner, and the subject of a foreign Government, had dared to write a pamphlet on American Slavery, in which the system was condemned. The Doctor was anxious to know the opinion of Mr. Jefferson in regard to this act of foreign interference, and wrote to him to inquire; expressing in his letter, a feeling something akin to repentance, for having given utterance to his views on a matter relating to another country. Here is Mr. Jefferson's reply. It is indeed a jewel. As I read it, let me entreat your attention to the manner in which he speaks of the state of public sentiment at the North on the subject of Slavery, and of the number of opponents to the doctrine of emancipation. Mark, too, the description he gives of the feeling of Virginia on the subject. Above all, note the temper, he displays in regard to foreign interference on the question of Slavery:—

TO DR. PRICE.

PARIS, August 7, 1785.

"SIR,—Your favor of July the 2d came duly to hand. The concern you therein express as to the effect of your pamphlet in America, induces me to trouble you with some observations on that subject.

From my acquaintance with that country, I think I am able to judge, with some degree of certainty, of the manner in which it will have been received.

Southward of the Chesapeake, it will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment, on the subject of Slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice; a minority, which, *for weight and worth of character*, preponderates against the greater number, who have not the courage to divest their families of a property, which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet.

Northward of the Chesapeake, you may find, here and there, *an opponent of your doctrine*, as you may find here and there, a ROBBER and MURDERER; *but in no greater number*. In that part of America, there being but few slaves, they can easily disencumber themselves of them; and emancipation is put in such a train, that in a few years there will be no slaves northward of Maryland.

In Maryland, I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of *this enormity*, as in Virginia. This is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle *of justice, in conflict with avarice and oppression*: a conflict wherein the sacred side is gaining daily recruits from the influx into office of young men grown and growing up. These have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mothers' milk; and it is to them I look with anxiety to turn the fate of this question.

Be not therefore discouraged. What you have written will do a great deal of good; *and could you* STILL *trouble yourself with our welfare*, no man is more able to give aid to the laboring side.

The College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, since the remodelling of its plan, is the place where are collected together all the young men of Virginia, under preparation for public life. They are there under the direction (most of them) of a Mr. Wythe, one of the most virtuous of characters, and whose sentiments on the subject of Slavery are unequivocal. I am satisfied, if you could resolve to address an exhortation to those young men, with all that eloquence of which you are master, that its influence on the future decision of this important question would be great, perhaps decisive.

Thus you see that, so far from thinking you have cause to repent of what you have done, *I wish you to do more*, and wish it on an assurance of its effect.

The information I have received from America, of the reception of your pamphlet in the different States, agrees with the expectations I had formed.

* * *

I pray you to be assured of the sincerity of the esteem and respect with which I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Methinks I am justified in drawing some consolation from the words of the letter of Mr. Jefferson, written by the same hand that drew the immortal instrument which declared the freedom and independence of the States of America Methinks, amidst the foam of Faneuil Hall, the foul vituperation of pro-slavery journals, and the bloody threat of Virginia 'revolvers,' I may call to mind the words of the great apostle of human freedom, 'BE NOT THEREFORE DISCOURAGED.' Methinks, if I should ever be tempted to relax in my exertions in behalf of the slave, or to regret that I became his advocate, I may find comfort and incitement in the words of the departed statesman—'So far from thinking you have cause to repent of what you have done, I WISH YOU TO DO MORE; and wish it on an assurance of its effect.' Methinks, if I should at any time be perplexed by such productions as those I have laid before you, and find myself unable to solve the problem of the *super-depravity* of the holders of slaves, I may turn to Jefferson, and in his philosophic language find my difficulties removed: for it is that profound thinker who tells me—

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions: the most unremitting despotism on one part, and degrading submission on the other. The slave can do nothing from virtuous motives; and the master becomes haughty, passionate, voluptuous, and cruel."

It is said that my object in this country is *disunion*. I have denied the charge, and again deny it. But were it even so, what is the treatment which Jefferson recommended should be pursued towards disunionists? Was it mobbing, gagging, banishment, or mob law? Or, did he say, when he spoke from the steps of the Capitol—

"If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve the Union, to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it."

Unhappily for themselves and the character of the country, there are some infatuated enough to believe that they may wage a successful warfare against the principles that are now at work for the overthrow of Slavery. Let such lay to heart in time the solemn words of Mr. Jefferson, who describes the conflict as between the divine principle of justice on the one hand, and the fell passion of avarice and oppression on the other, and declares that 'the Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with them in such a contest.'

Are there any still who rebuke my interference in this matter, because I am a foreigner? Let me ask them if they are consistent: let me ask them if they conform to the rule which they lay down for me! Listen, ye who are so sensitive on this subject of foreign interference in this matter of Slavery. Did not your fathers appeal to the world to bear witness to the justice of their cause, when they flew to arms, and shed America's best blood in resistance—not to whips and chains, and auction blocks and bloodhounds,—but to the payment of duties on painters' colors, glass, stamped paper and tea? Do you not annually vent your indignation against every form of government that deprives the people of the right of electing their own rulers?—Did not your noble revolutionary sires allege as one ground of justification of their revolt, that the King had obstructed the laws in favor of the naturalization of foreigners? Does not your own Constitution prohibit the Congress from making any law, abridging the freedom of speech, or the right of the people to assemble for the redress of grievances? Foreign interference! Have you not allowed Irish patriots to publish in your midst, journals recommending their countrymen to commit treason against the sovereign of the realm; and have not your own citizens sympathised in such proceedings? Have not your statesmen, on the floor of the Senate Chamber at Washington, denounced the despotism of of Austria and Russia, and proposed the suspension of diplomatic intercourse with those powers? Did not your ambassador at Paris, before he had received any instructions from his government, offer to Lamartine and his revolutionary associates, his congratulations, that they had dethroned the French King for refusing his permisson to the holding of a Reform banquet?—Have you not sent banners to Poland, to float over the heads of the champions of Freedom? Do you not offer your bro

by horse-stealing over the frontier the reverend father would not suggest that Irishmen going to the new country would find excellent cattle on this man's farm to stock their own with. Now to make the application;—who is David O'Gorman? The *News* answers the question by another advertisement from the St. Louis paper. What will Father Mathew's friend James Haughton, of Dublin, who will hardly let a pro-slaveman darken his doors, say to this?

NEGRO COMMISSION AND GENERAL AGENCY, 46 Fourth street, under the Planters' House, established for the purchase and sale of healthy Negroes of good character. The highest price will be obtained by slave-owners, and private families will always find good sound negroes and valuable house servants, on application to the subscriber.

For sale, at present, one man aged 23 years, one woman aged 21 years, two smart girls 12 and 14, and a woman about 40, a careful nurse, cook, washer and ironer, all sound and healthy.

DAVID O'GORMAN,
General Agent.

☞ Money remitted to Great Britain and Ireland.

"SCRIPTURE DICK" is the well-known *soubriquet* of the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, the man who wished he had been born in Virginia, but who had such poor luck as only to be a representative of this State in the United States Senate. That he ought to have been born and bred a 'nigger-driver' nobody questions, for for that station he is eminently qualified both intellectually and morally, and his keen perception of his own worth prompted him to acknowledge his regret that a slave State had not been the place of his birth. How deserving he may be also of the nickname which clings to him we do not know, but the latest evidence of his title to it we find in his speech, made the other day, in this city, before the Cotton and Calico Committee, wherein he refers to a certain passage in Scripture and the life of Jesus to elucidate and strengthen the position of himself and his friends. "What said he," he exclaimed, "who spake as man never spake; whose life was one of gentleness and peace, and from a lowly birth to a death which convulsed surrounding Nature, and opened the graves of Judea? He directed his followers to obey the laws—even to pay tribute to the great robber Cæsar; servants to obey their masters, and soldiers to be contented with their wages. He commanded nothing else than obedience to the laws of the country." Who, after that fervent outbreak of the devout Senator, will venture to doubt his familiarity, not with the letter only, with with the spirit also of the Gospel? The teachings of the man of Nazareth were only the harbinger of the blessed dispensation of the Fugitive Slave Law—blessed especially to the fugitives, who, being servants, should be "obedient."

But it was not to the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Law generally that Mr. Dickinson only referred. Hear him further:

But in these days we are urged, not only to turn, in our madness and fanaticism, against the laws and institutions of our country, but we, by our own course, invite foreign political missionaries here, to sow the seeds of discord, and bloodshed and murder. (Great cheering.) In my humble opinion, these evil missionaries of mischief ought to be hissed with scorn from one end of the nation to the other. (Great hissing.) I think they ought not to be allowed to speak in any respectable assemblage of American citizens in the Union. (A voice—"Not in New York, at least.")—If the individual who is now attempting New England, has any surplus of the milk of human kindness in him, let him go back to his native country, and seek redress for the down-trodden, starving millions of Irish Celts, and the miners of England, great numbers of whom have never seen the glorious sun-light of heaven nor gazed upon the beauteous earth. He will then find objects over which his sensibility can expand. Let him do this, instead of coming here to preach his incendiarism, for a class better fed, better clothed, and better housed than his own countrymen, after the royal family and nobility are provided for. (Applause.) The feeling of the country is against this atrocious agitation, and the foul principle on which it is founded.

If this American Senator and all like him, in this country, were as faithful and zealous opponents of the wrongs and evils by which they are surrounded and for which they are responsible, as George Thompson, the British Senator, has faithfully and zealously labored against the English wrongs and evils here referred to, how speedily would the United States be in a position that would entitle her to rebuke those governments which now only hail her as fellows in tyranny or point to her with contempt.

THE 'Boston Post,' of one day last week, tells the following story. A celebrated English wit once laid a wager that he would make the worst pun that ever was perpetrated. Probably this Mr. Milhardo is the wag of Norfolk, and has bet that he would do the absurdest and most impudent thing that ever man did, and here is the result:—

A DRAFT FOR THE VALUE OF A FEMALE FUGITIVE.—On Wednesday last, Gen. Devens, United States Marshal, received a very curious communication from Aaron Milhardo, of Norfolk, Va., the first part thereof being a draft on Cornelius Sparrow, for $650, as the value of Martha Ann Whitehead, fugitive slave of said Milhardo. The second part was a letter to Gen Devens, informing him that Sparrow was a free man of color, and that Martha Ann was his wife, and living with him in Boston. It further stated that soon after Martha Ann absconded he, Milardo, offered a reward of $200 for her apprehension; and it authorized Gen. Devens to discount the amount of $200, if Sparrow should accept the draft, and pay the balance of $450. The Marshal took no action on the communication, but Mr. Riley, deputy marshal, thinking that Sparrow ought to be informed of the proposition made by his wife's owner, sent a message to him by a colored man named Jones in relation to it. Sparrow called at the Marshal's office on Saturday, and Mr. Riley suggested to him to consult with Mr. Morris, the colored lawyer. Sparrow did so, and decided to take no notice of the draft. Gen. Devens then re-mailed the communication to Mr. Milhardo, together with a letter informing him that, being United States Marshal, he could not act as agent or attorney in relation to any demand or claim which comes before the United States Courts holden in this district for adjudication. No demand was made upon Sparrow. He was only informed of the opportunity presented for securing his wife's freedom for $450.

THE EPISCOPALIANS AND COLORED CHURCHES.—A special Convention of the Episcopalians was held last week in this city to choose a Bishop, the place of that reverend representative of the Apostles whose laying on of hands was altogether without the canonical law, having never yet been filled. The occasion was seized upon by Mr. John Jay to bring forward again the claim of St. Phillip's and other churches to be admitted to the Convention. The effort, however, was again unsuccessful, and, we should judge by a brief report in the daily papers, that Mr. Jay stands almost if not quite alone in these conventions as the advocate of Christian equality in the Church. The pastor of one of the churches which thus stands so long a suppliant at the porch of the mother church is the Rev. Alexander Crummell, a young man of high promise and great worth, who is now finishing his education at the University of Oxford, England.—He is admitted without a question to the pulpits of English Churchmen, and takes his place in Society and in the University as a clergyman of the Establishment. It must sound strangely in English ears that such a man, whose character and attainments, connected with his professional standing, are his sufficient passport everywhere there, is denied, solely and entirely because of his African descent, a seat in the Convention of the Church in which he is nevertheless an ordained minister.

ENLARGEMENT OF 'THE FREEMAN.'—We observe by the last No. of *The Pa. Freeman* that it is about to increase its size by one fourth, a determination come to by the Committee because the present limits of the paper are found altogether inadequate to the wants of the times. We should regard this as an evidence of the prosperity of the Pennsylvania Society did we not feel assured from other sources that that Society is steadily increasing in influence and in means. The price of 'The Freeman' is to be raised to $1,50 per annum, which will leave it even then a low-priced paper.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXII.

THE ARGUMENT—*The correspondent ponders*eth—*Ambitious happenings—The Slavecatchers' Meeting—Dietetic experiences of Faneuil Hall—Jack-knife dietary—Wendell Phillips and the Lovejoy Meeting—The correspondent deprecateth the yawning of the floor, and why—A new thing under the sun—The Chief End of Man—The Meeting—Abortive Appeal—The President—What Gen. Warren would have said, if he could—The Family Party—Mr. B. R. Curtis—The Med Case—An unexpected Apparition—His Argument—The correspondent characterizeth Mr. Hallet's speech as also Mr. Bradford's—Political Sandwich—Yankee Omnipotence the Highest Law—Webster Whig Disappointment—Strange bedfellows—Wry faces—Facial Longitude—Lives and Noses—The forlorn hope—The correspondent promiseth sport—He commendeth Mr. Mann's Whiggery—General Taylor an Anti-Slavery Man—New views of Abolitionism, &c., &c.,*

BOSTON, Dec. 8, 1850.

LET me see what has happened since you had last the privilege of hearing from me! Not that there is not plenty and to spare. It is *l'embarras des richesses*, the multiplicity of happenings, that puzzles me as they press forward each urging its superior claim to be immortalized. But, on the whole, I think our great Slave-catchers' Meeting in Faneuil Hall deserves the precedence. It was something quite new, which, in this age and country of abominable imitations, is what the Edinburgh Review might call "quite refreshing." Faneuil Hall has stood much in its day. Its constitution must have got used to almost anything by this time. Like the Boston sailor, commemorated in Medical books, who by long practice had accommodated his system to a diet of jack-knives (I believe he died at last of one going down the wrong way), Old Faneuil has had to submit to strange regimen in its time, and must have acquired, before this, the swallow of a boa constrictor and the digestion of an ostrich. But it has had a variety of viands, it must be allowed, which is regarded as a wholesome circumstance. Patriotism of every kind from that of Seventy Six to the very fishy sort of the year Fifty, Piety of all descriptions, Federalism and Democracy, Eating, Drinking, Dancing, Pro-Slavery and Anti-Slavery. Barely enough of the latter, however, to keep the poor old thing sweet. Wendell Phillips, I remember, replying to Attorney General Austin, at the Lovejoy Meeting in 1837, who had said that Lovejoy "died as the fool dieth," declared that he marvelled that "the floor had not yawned to swallow up the recreant American." Now, I cannot but think it fortunate that the Old Hall has never contracted any habit of the sort; inasmuch as, if it should undertake to swallow up all the "recreant Americans" who speak in it, it would put the city Government to a greater expense in lumber for repairs, than is necessary, even, to secure to it (according to the calculation of Mayor Bigelow) the rare luxury of Free Speech.

But I think a Meeting there for the express and avowed purpose of preaching the Gospel of Slave-catching, of elevating it to the rank of a Virtue and investing it with the authority of a Duty, to amend the Assembly's Catechism by giving for answer to the first question "What is the Chief End of Man?" the reply "To catch slaves and send them back forever," is something new. The projectors are entitled to rank, according to Theodore Parker, in the first class of mankind, to wit of "inventors." Their success was answerable to the felicity of their conception. The Hall was well filled, but not so full as our Meeting for the reception of Mr. Thompson. I should judge that at least a quarter part of those present were Abolitionists, Free Soilers and non-Slave-catching Whigs and Democrats. When the hour arrived, Mr. Thomas B. Curtis, a respectable merchant of this city, stepped on the platform and, extending his arms, exclaimed "Friends of the Union! Supporters of the Constitution!" But the appeal produced no response. His name was not in the bills, and the *claqueurs* had not their cue, so that this eloquent apostrophe fell like "a dead clam?" He then nominated the officers, at the head of whom was Dr. John C. Warren, nephew of the hero of Bunker's Hill. He was well received and made a short speech, in which he alluded to his hereditary connection with the Revolution and to his recollections of the bad times before the Constitution and of the good times since. I could not but think that if the portraits on the walls did ever speak, as they have so often been invited and implored to do from that platform, that of General Warren would have informed his venerable and most respectable relative that had he supposed the Revolution was to end in Slave catching, he should not have thought it worth his while to go out to Bunker's Hill that summer's day to be shot.

When the Chair was taken, a young gentleman whom I did not know, but whom I have since been told is a son-in-law of one of the Messrs. Curtis (of which respectable domestic circle, as Mr. Phillips remarked in his Lynn speech, that Meeting was a family party, with a few invited guests), moved the Resolutions. Then Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis rose to speak to them. It will be necessary to tell your readers, so strictly provincial is professional reputation in this country, that this gentleman is a lawyer of the first eminence and is regarded by many as the leader of the Bar of New England. It is unfortunate for his permanent fame that his name is connected with the only adjudged case of his time that will make part of general history as the counsel for a slave-claimant. I refer to that of the slave-child Med, which settled the question that a slave brought by a master into Massachusetts becomes *ipso facto* free. The opening of his speech was interrupted in a way he had not reckoned on. Very soon after rising he began to comment with much severity on portions of the Rev. Theodore Parker's Sermon on the Bill, and concluded his strictures by saying rhetorically, that he should like to know what the reverend gentleman would say when called to give an account of himself in this matter! It so happened that the reverend gentleman in question was in the left hand gallery, and, instantly rising, inquired whether the gentleman would like an answer on the spot. This coming of a spirit from the vasty deep when he did call for it, evidently took Mr. Curtis aback, and a great tumult arose, some crying "turn him out" and others "Parker, Parker," "hear him," &c. Had Mr. Parker been in the front of the gallery, instead of the rear, so that he could have been generally recognized, I have no doubt that he would have had a hearing. For his interpellation was perfectly in order, and being publicly attacked in open meeting, he was fully entitled to be heard.

When Mr. Curtis got at the pith and marrow of his speech it amounted to this. In 1776 Massachusetts became a Sovereign State. One of the attributes of sovereignty is the right to say what foreigner shall live on her soil. Therefore, in 1789 she had a right to say that slaves should not live here, but be sent back. But the Constitution was made by and for "the People of the United States." The slaves are not "strangers" (as he repeatedly called them), but natives, many of them with as long an American line of ancestry as Mr. Curtis himself, and the fact of their citizenship being denied in certain States is no reason for its being denied here, where black men are, in theory at least, as good as white men. The whole speech was a proof of how very weak an argument an acute man can make, when he unluckily has no case. Mr. B. F. Hallet followed with a written speech, of which it is enough to say that it fully came up in meanness, servility and wickedness to the highest conceptions to which a knowledge of his whole public life could raise the warmest imagination. He begged to assure all whom it might concern that there was at least *one* United States Commissioner (himself, to wit) that would do his duty under the Act. He was followed by a Mr. Bradford, an insignificant person who was selected for some unknown reason, as the other democrat to be *sandwiched* between the eminent Whigs who were the two outside slices of the evening's entertainment. The chief of his speech, as of Mr. Hallett's, was made up of most agonizing sneers at "the higher law" and at all those fanatics who disbelieve in the ability of the Universal Yankee Nation to turn God Almighty out of his throne and set up one of their wooden nutmegs in his place. I have not room to say anything of Mr Choate's speech. It was very funny to hear after reading that at the Gravitation Meeting in the *Tribune*; only it was not so good a speech, *quoad* speech. It made one remember that, although the profession of the Law has in all times furnished some of the ablest and most fearless asserters of liberty, it has also never been without its share of men ready to take the side of despotism and tyranny and to use their voices and their practised skill "to make the worse appear the better reason."

The best thing about this Slave-catching Meeting was the deplorable disappointment at the heels of which it came, and of which it was part. The Webster Whigs had felt sure of a victory, and had planned this Meeting to come off immediately after the Election, as the Celebration of the triumph of sound Union, Constitutional, Slave-catching principles. But, unluckily, the Whigs were caught, instead of the Slaves, and they had to go through with the demonstration as well as they might. It was great fun to see the Hunkerest of the old Whigs tucked up in the same bed with Benjamin F. Hallet, and pretending to like it. The wry faces with which they applauded him would have been a study for Liston. As to poor Mr. Bradford, they showed a strong disinclination to hear him at all, and it was with some difficulty that he was put through. The poor Whigs have been walking about the streets, ever since the Truck and Dicker victory, with their chins resting on the latchets of their shoes, as savage as so many meat-axes. It is as much as one's life, or at least one's *nose*, is worth to speak to one of them. Their only comfort is the hope that the Democrats will break faith with the Free Soilers and cheat them of their U. S. Senator. At any rate, there is sport toward, next month, when the Legislature gets together.

The election of Mr. Mann, in the Eighth District, was one of the most afflictive portions of this severe dispensation to the Whigs. And yet I cannot see why, excepting it be allowed that Mr. Webster is Whiggery, as Louis XIV was the State; and that whatever he binds is bound, and whatever he looses is loosed in that Paradise. It was my fortune to hear Mr. Mann's speech to his constituents, at Dedham, and I must say I think any Whig very unreasonable who should ask for more than he was willing to give. He was careful to eschew the very appearance of teshnical Free Soilism; he went the entire quadruped for Tariff and Internal Improvements; he pronounced General Taylor "a true man," and, what was more striking yet "*an Anti-Slavery man!*" Moreover, he voted the regular ticket at Election. I think the Whigs are without excuse if they are not content with Mr. Mann, however it may be with the Free Soilers. I forgot to say that he did not say a word about Mr. Webster from the beginning to the end of his speech, which disappointed the many very much. He also made one or two statements about the Abolitionists which may surprise you. He said that there were no Disunionists at the North, or at least so few that they counted for nothing. Although they held frequent meetings, they were attended by the same few persons. And, as they *are opposed to all Government*, and *therefore* don't vote, they are of "no consequence," as Mr. Toots says. It is of consequence to Mr. Mann's general information, however, if he do not know it, to know that Northern Disunionists refuse to vote or hold office on account of the pro-slavery obligations under which they come by those acts, and not from their opposition to Government in the abstract. In disclaiming Abolitionism, also, he said that, though in favor of abolishing whatever ought to be abolished, he was not an Abolitionist in the sense of one proposing "*to abolish Slavery in the States by the strong hand!*" Thus implying that such is the plan of the Abolitionists! I think you had better send him a copy of the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But more than enough for this week.

D. Y.

Congressional.

CONGRESS has hardly yet got to work, as little has been done but to appoint the usual Committees. Mr. GIDDINGS, however, has lost no time in bringing forward the Fugitive Slave Law, which we trust and pray he and those who agree with him, will make the question of the session. On Monday, on a motion to refer the several portions of the President's message to the appropriate Committees, the following debate ensued:

Mr. GIDDINGS offered an amendment that so much of the Message as relates to our domestic policy be referred to the Judiciary Committee. There were some things in the Message which he heartily approved and others which he condemned. There was no deception or uncertainty in any part of it. The views expressed by Mr. Fillmore on the subject of vetoes, are as strong as those avowed by Jackson, Tyler and Polk. The latter part of the Message says in effect that the Fugitive Slave Law shall remain in force, and that if a bill be passed for its repeal the President will veto it. The reference to his duty to execute the laws Mr. Giddings regarded as a menace that the free people of the North shall submit to the law or he will call in the Army and Naval forces. This is unworthy of the President. In the nineteenth century people are not to be governed by swords and cannon, but by law. The President has not the power to enforce the law, when it commands the freemen of the North to leave their workshops and dwellings to chase fugitives, put irons on their limbs, and return them to their torments. The Army and Navy cannot command the carrying out of this law. The General Government has no power to uphold Slavery. It is an institution of the States. The people of his District would die before they would assist in executing the Fugitive Slave Law. The slave-catcher was regarded as worse than a pirate or a murderer, and the moment cannon are brought against Northern freemen that moment the death knell of the Republic is sounded. From this time forward we well know where the President is. He is in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, and by it the Administration must stand or fall. The lines of Freedom and Slavery are drawn as wide as the impassible gulf that separated Dives and Lazarus. We know where parties stand—but of 15,000 fugitives in the North, not more than four or five have been captured—nine out of ten of the Whig newspapers have denounced and execrated this law, and the public indignation will sweep it out of existence

Mr. BROWN, of Indiana, said that as this was a short session and little time remained for business, if this discussion should continue there was no telling when it would end. For the purpose of terminating debate, he moved that the Committee rise, with a view of offering a resolution to stop debate.

The Committee rose, when the resolution to limit discussion to one minute was passed.

The House again went into Committee.

Mr. WENTWORTH expressed the hope that no speech would be more than one minute in duration. When this subject shall have been disposed of he would call up the River and Harbor bill, and then the Cheap Postage bill, which the people expect will be passed this week, and then proceed to other necessary business.

Mr. MCCLERNAND said, in offering an amendment, that as a citizen of a Free State, he disavowed for himself and those he represented, and for the whole State of Illinois, the revolutionary, seditious, and he might say treasonable sentiments avowed by Mr. Giddings, who objected to the Fugitive Slave Act. It is a fraud on the Constitution and on common honesty, to profess adherence to the Constitution, and at the same time to object to the law, for an objection to the law is an objection to the Constitution, the law being in execution of the Constitution. If it had not been for those with whom the gentleman acts, there would have been no occasion for this law. Would he tell us, that without this clause the Constitution could have been adopted. The act of '93 to carry out this provision was signed by Washington. Is the gentleman more pure, benevolent and patriotic, than the father of his country. That act was voted for by the framers of the Constitution. They did not conceive that they were trampling on the rights of human nature. They considered that they were observing good faith. But in the course of time voluntary associations were organized, underground railroads constructed, and the law illegally arrested. The conduct of certain individuals became a grievance, and Congress at the last Session, actuated by a sense of justice, remedied the grievence by passing the Fugitive Slave law. For one he would be willing to use all the force of the government to carry it out. It is not a speculative question of philanthropy. It is an issue of the supremacy of the Constitution and power of the Government, and the subversion of the laws of the country.

The amendment of Giddings was voted down.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

—MASSACHUSETTS has 994,665 inhabitants by the Census just completed—an increase of 256, 965 since the Census of 1840.

—THE Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Colonization Society is to be held in Washington, on Tuesday, the 15th of January next.

—EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Governor Seabrook, in his recent message to the Legislature, says that over *twenty thousand* persons in South Carolina are ignorant of the *alphabet*.

—A STAMPEDE.—Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred negro slaves, belonging to Indians of the Seminole and Creek Nations, have eloped from their masters and are on their way to Mexico, and will no doubt endeavor to follow the route taken by Wild Cat, the Seminole chief, last summer, who conducted about 60 runaway slaves, from this nation across the Rio Grande, somewhere near Presidio de Rio Grande. Fifty dollars per head is offered as a reward for their arrest. —[Galveston Civilian.

—THE OSSOLI FAMILY.—The recent report of the discovery of the bodies of this family, whose melancholy fate last summer is fresh in the memory of all, is, of course, incorrect. No trace of the parents has yet been discovered, but in a quiet spot of our beautiful Cemetery is a small grave resting upon which is a slab bearing the following inscription:—

In memory of Angelo Eugene Phillip Ossoli, who was born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5. 1848 and perished by shipwreck off Fire Island, with both his parents, Giovanni Angelo, and S. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, on the 18th of July, 1850.—[Manchester N. H. Dem.

—A SLAVE STATE IN EMBRYO.—The Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles, own a large number of slaves, negroes. These Indian tribes, that were removed here a few years ago, in consequence of being surrounded by States, will again, in a short time too, be surrounded with States and be hedged in with a dense white population. What will be the consequence? Why, it is plain enough to be seen, that in a few years, these Indian tribes will have to be organized into a Territorial Government, and then be admitted into the United States, as a Slave State. What will the friends of free soil and abolitionism think of that? It is inevitable, so you may just make up your minds to grin and bear it.—[Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald.

—WE learn from Burlington that considerable excitement still prevails there among the colored population. At a religious meeting some evenings ago, a strange colored man made his appearance, who was suspected by the congregation of being a spy of the "slave catchers." The services were suspended, and after he had been induced to come without the church, considerable personal violence was used upon him before he could explain that he was an innocent man from a neighboring farm, and in no way implicated in the charge. The Grand Jury being in session, the facts were inquired into, eliciting the attendance of large numbers of blacks.—[Newark Daily Adv.

—A MAN RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.—In October, 1842, Eli Terry was kidnapped near Indianapolis and sold into Slavery. In the summer of 1849 information was received by his friends that he had been heard of in Red River County, Texas. The African Committee of Indiana Yearly Meeting (Orthodox) being informed of the facts, employed an efficient lawyer and two competent witnesses to go the distance of some 2,500 miles to endeavor to effect his release. Being furnished with the necessary proofs, authenticated by the Seal of the State of Indiana, they started on their mission Dec. 11, 1849 and having accomplished their object by means of a habeas corpus, they returned early in February, and restored the man to his father's house. The expense of the restoration was $677 20.—[Anti-Slavery Bugle.

—MOB AND LYNCH LAW IN NEWBURYPORT, Mass. A wanton and lawless outrage was perpetrated in Newburyport on Tuesday last. The circumstances are as follows. It seems that a man by the name of Cutler, a native of the British Proinces, published a short article in the *Newburyport Herald*, charging that a number of fishermen from that port, were accustomed to cut out their papers for the mackerel fishery, in order to secure the bounty, and then to prosecute the mackerel fishery. For this, Mr. Cutler was attacked while at the supper table, dragged out of the house, where he was received by a mob, beaten severely, then mounted on a cart or wagon, a sort of yoke put round his neck to keep him in an erect position, and thus dragged through the streets, persons occasionally getting into the carriage, and insulting and beating the helpless man. After a while he was released, and conducted by his friends back to his lodgings. A physician was called, who found Cutler very badly bruised about the head and face, though, it is hoped not seriously injured. A meeting of citizens was held on Wednesday forenoon, upon the call of the Selectmen, at which it was voted to choose a Committee of ten, to be joined with the Selectmen of the town, who were instructed to prosecute to the extent of the law all persons known to be engaged in this disgraceful proceeding.

—FREE NEGROES IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The following important statements we extract from the correspondence of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*:

"Many persons have observed with extreme regret the returns of population for what remains of the Federal District. It is shown that the number of slaves in this city is over 2,000 and that so far from decreasing, as was supposed, they have increased by several hundreds, since 1840. The proportion of increase, if I recollect, in this class of persons, is about 60 per cent. A considerable increase has also taken place in Georgetown. The accessions to the number of free colored persons are somewhat greater.

"There are now about seven thousand of the latter in the district. It is common to hear these latter spoken of as idle and worthless, and a curse to the neighborhood in which they are found, and a charge upon public and private charity. These harsh and illiberal allegations are mainly untrue. As a class, they are orderly, quiet, and hard-working. It is true they are low in the social state, and one good and sufficient reason for their condition, in that respect is, that by our laws and customs and habits of thought, they are virtually a proscribed class. Again, it is true, that they furnish more than their due numerical proportion of convicts for our jail and penitentiary; but the reason for that, also, is as discreditable to us as the fact is to them. Many acts, innocent in a white man, are crimes under the law in a black. Take as an example, the course pursued toward negroes who are seeking to earn a livelihood in so laborious and humble an occupation as porters about rail road depots. It seems to have been lately resolved to exclude them from that employment. I have myself been frequently appealed to by these poor creatures to protect them from the violence of ill-disposed ruffians, who appear to be employed by more respectable persons, to insult, beat, and oppress them in every manner, while attempting in this way to earn a living. The slightest resentment or resistance upon their part, in case of even the grossest outrage, is sufficient to place their names on the criminal records. Here, too, as they are not permitted to work, they must, of course, in many instances, take to dishonest courses to procure the means of life. What more effectual means could be devised to multiply the proofs of the idleness and worthlessness of the free colored man.

"Our Mayor, a popular, humane and excellent man in his private character, has just issued a notice, as required to do under the law, that unless the free negroes come forward, register their names, and give good and sufficient bonds for their good behavior, and to secure the city from the liability of maintaining them, they must be expelled from the limits of the Corporation. We talk of Austrian and Russian barbarity, but what can be more barbarous and cruel than this order, proceeding from the Chief Magistrate of the capital city of the greatest and freest Republic on earth? Where are the poor men to go to? They cannot go to Virginia, for on the unwarrantable mutilation of the District, by the cession of Alexandria County to Virginia, some four years ago, it is currently, and I suppose truly said, that most of the free blacks were driven over to this side of the Potomac, by the operation of Virginia laws. They cannot flee to the other direction, for Maryland has laws against their ingress, and even when they have the means, they cannot travel on railroads, unless they are able to give heavy bonds to secure the company against the liability of conveying away a fugitive from slavery. What the alternative of a failure to give the required bond and security is, I do not know, but I do know that a like requirement, in almost any of the larger cities of the world, would place immense numbers of white men in the position of outcasts and criminals."

—FUGITIVE SLAVES AT THE NORTHWEST.—Mr John Calvert, an agent who was sent to Chicago, from St. Louis, to recover fugitive slaves, informs the St. Louis Republican, that there are a large number of fugitive slaves at Chicago, but that through the activity of the abolitionists it is almost impossible to recover any of them. One female slave consented to return with him, but she was forced from him at Bridgewater by fifty or sixty colored persons. In pursuit of fugitives he went to Chatham, in Canada, where he found a large number of them, and many others constantly arriving from the States.

—A SLAVER TAKEN.—Capt. Disney, late commander of the brig Volusia, arrived at Holmes's Hole on the 5th inst. a passenger in the brig Boston, from Bahia. He states his brig was captured in the port of Victoria by the British war steamer Rattler, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade. The Volusia was bound to the Coast of Africa, and at the time of her capture had on board seven passengers and a cargo composed of farina, beans, rice, beef, lumber, liquor, &c.

This curious cargo, with some alleged informality in her papers, induced the British commander to put a prize crew on board of her and send her to St. Helena. Capt. Disney alleged that his vessel was engaged in a lawful voyage, and that the whole proceedings against her were unjust and tyrranical. He laid his case before Commander Gregory, the Commander of the American Squadron, but received no satisfaction.

—KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE.—A Select Committee of the Kentucky Legislature have reported a bill prohibiting slaves hereafter emancipated in the State from remaining there, under a penalty for the first offense of five year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and for the second confinement for life. It was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, and it, or a similar bill, will, it is said, be enacted into a law under the requirements of the Constitution.

A bill was also reported relative to free negroes and mulattoes, providing for an annual registration of the names, ages and descriptions of such persons, and the name of the emancipator. A failure on the part of any free negro or mulatto to furnish his name to the County Assessor or Clerk, is made punishable by a fine, to be collected by selling the person into servitude a sufficient length of time to pay it—the proceeds to be paid into a colonization fund. It also makes it a felony for a free negro to move into the State, or any now being therein to move out and return. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and there was an expectation it would certainly pass.—[Philadelphia American.

—THE BRAZILIAN LAW AGAINST THE SLAVE TRADE.—We not long since noticed the adoption in the Brazilian Senate of a law intended to put an end to the Slave Trade. This law was put in force on the 4th of September last by decree of the Emperor, Don Pedro. By this decree Brazilian men-of-war are ordered to use special efforts to seize Slavers, and to hand over their crews and officers to the civil tribunals for trial. The ships and cargoes are to be sold at auction and the proceeds, after deducting $40 for the expense of sending back to Africa each recaptured negro, divided as prize money among the officers and crew of the ship making the capture. The party announcing a Slaver to the Government is also to share in the prize money. No Brazilian vessel is to be allowed to clear for the Coast of Africa without the owner's giving security that it shall not take slaves on board. The introduction of slaves into any part of the Empire is made piracy and punishable with death. A special law, hereafter to be framed, will determine the punishment to be inflicted on the Captains of Slavers.

If this law can be made effective it will do more to break up the Slave trade than ten new squadrons on the Coast of Africa. But we have no great expectation that it will answer the purpose. Bribery and the high profits of the trade will render it nugatory. Such is notoriously the case in Cuba, the other great mart for Slaves, and we see no reason to suppose that the result will be better in Brazil.—*Tribune.*

—LAW FOR SLAVES.—The Legislature of Vermont, at its late session, passed the following law, under the title of an "Act relating to the writ of habeas corpus to persons claimed as fugitive slaves, and the right of trial by jury":—

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

SEC. 1. The same power is hereby given to, and the same duties imposed upon, the circuit judges of the several judicial circuits of this State, which are given to, and imposed upon, the judges of the supreme court, by the provisions of chapter thirty-eight of the Revised Statutes, entitled "Of Habeas Corpus."

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of State's attorneys, within their respective counties, whenever any inhabitant of this State is arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave, on being informed thereof, dilligently and faithfully to use all lawful means to protect, defend and procure to be discharged, every such person so arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave.

SEC. 3. The application of any State's attorney in writing to any one of the judges of the supreme court, or to any circuit judge, signed by said State's attorney, in his official capacity, stating in substance the name of the prisoner and the persons detaining him, if known, and that the person arrested, claimed or imprisoned as a fugitive slave, shall be sufficient authority to authorize the issuing of the writ of habeas corpus as provided in said chapter thirty-eight of the Revised Statutes, and said writ may be signed by any one of said judges, or the clerk of the supreme or county court; and said writ shall be made returnable to the supreme or county court, when in session, in the county where such application is made; and in vacation said writ may be made returnable forthwith before either of the judges aforesaid.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of all judicial and executive officers in this State, in their respective counties, who shall know or have good reason to believe that any inhabitant of this State is about to be arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave, forthwith to give notice thereof to the State's attorney of the county in which such person resides.

SEC. 5. Whenever the writ of habeas corpus is granted in vacation, as provided in this Act, or as provided by existing laws, if upon the hearing of the same before any of the judges aforesaid, the person imprisoned, arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave, shall not be discharged, such person shall be entitled to an appeal to the next stated term of the county court in the county where such hearing was had, on furnishing such bail, and within such time, as the judge granting the writ, on hearing the case, shall adjudge to be reasonable and proper.

SEC. 6. The court to which such appeal is taken, and any other court to which a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of any such person claimed or arrested as a fugitive slave is made returnable, may and shall on application of either party to such proceeding, allow and direct a trial by jury, on all questions of fact in issue between the parties, in the matter aforesaid, and the taxable costs of such trial shall be chargeable to the State, whenever the same would be otherwise chargeable to the person arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave.

SEC. 7. The several circuit judges shall have the same power now invested in the judges of the supreme court, by virtue of an act in amendment of chapter one hundred and three of the Revised Statutes, relating to persons confined in close jail, on executions of tort, approved Nov. 13, A. D. 1848.

SEC. 8. This act shall take effect from its passage. Approved Nov. 13, 1850.

Lectures by Geo. Thompson, Esq. M. P.

At the earnest invitation of numerous friends, this distinguished philanthropist and eloquent orator has consented to deliver a course of

FIVE LECTURES,

In Boston, to commence at the TREMONT TEMPLE, on Monday Evening, December 9, and to continue on Thursday, the 12th; Monday, the 16th; Thursday, the 19th; and Monday, the 23d of December.

The first three Lectures will embrace the *History, Condition and Prospects of British India*; the last two will be on the *Reform Movements of Great Britain*

Further particulars will be hereafter announced.

Tickets for the Course, One Dollar each. Single Lecture Ticket, 25 cents. For sale at 21 Cornhill, and at the several Bookstores.

☞ The indecent, cowardly and base attempt to prevent Mr. Thompson from being heard at Faneuil Hall will undoubtedly serve to increase the desire to hear this gifted man, and secure a large audience for this valuable course of lectures.

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, IN FANEUIL HALL. BOSTON.

☞ As the Bazaar opens on THURSDAY, the 19th of December, somewhat less than a month remains for the necessary previous arrangements.

The Committee take this opportunity to make a few important suggestions, that they trust none of the friends of the cause will overlook, as on their efficient co operation, much of the ultimate success of the undertaking will depend.

And, first, there are many individuals scattered throughout Massachusetts, precluded by taste or circumstances from taking any part in many modes of assistance by which the Bazaar is sustained. Many friends say to us, that they have no experience of Bazaars, do not understand what articles are saleable, or at any rate could not supply such, and prefer, on the whole, to aid the work by direct donation. To all such we say, any assistance given the Bazaar in this manner is equally encouraging and acceptable. The Ladies of West Brookfield have for several years sent to the Bazaar a sum of money, which, if expended in articles, would have furnished a table equal in beauty to any table in the Hall supplied by domestic manufacture.—Now we do not expect donations like this from all the towns of Massachusetts; but if the Bazaar received on an average $6 from all the three hundred towns of the State, who does not see how much the pecuniary success of the occasion would be enhanced? We urge that in each town where there is but a single abolitionist, that the effort be made. We say to such, give what you can yourself, collect what you can from others, and at the time of the Bazaar forward it to Faneuil Hall, that all may experience the additional encouragement that springs from united, sympathizing and successful effort. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill has opened the eyes and warmed the hearts of thousands. Seek the aid and co-operation of all such, even if they have opposed our work heretofore. Strive to convince all, that, in a work like this, people of all creeds and parties can labor with one heart and one mind.

The second subject to which we would call attention is this: We trust that we may rely on the persons who furnished the savin, spruce, running pine, rhododendron, and other evergreens last year, for the decoration of the Hall, that they will do the same on the present occasion. They best know the kind and quantity required, and in no other way could they aid us so effectually.

We shall also trust to the kindness of those friends who have hitherto supplied the Refreshment Table, and shall we hope, in all respects, be allowed to rely on the same co-operation by which we have been so greatly aided in previous years.

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

THE Committee beg leave to present a few additional statements to the consideration of such friends as have hitherto assisted us by furnishing tables from their respective towns.

We confidently trust that all such will continue their efforts, taking no discouragement from the circumstance that *all* the articles hitherto contributed may not have found a market at the Boston Bazaar. Their sale at various country Fairs has produced an equal amount of good to the Cause. Nor are we convinced of anything more fully than that the number of sales at any Bazaar is in exact proportion to the number and variety of the articles displayed. We are careful to mention this, because the donations of our Trans-Atlantic friends have been so generous as to create an impression, in some minds, that it may be wise to diminish our own labors, particularly in those departments of Embroidery and Fancy Needle Work in which our contributors of Great Britain so highly excel. This opinion is erroneous. All donations of this kind are as needed and saleable as ever. Useful articles of every kind are desirable, and we hope that friends from the country towns may furnish larger supplies of Stockings, Mittens, etc., than heretofore, as we have never been able in this respect to meet the demand.

Any donations of materials, such as silk, cotton, linen, calico, etc., will be gratefully received by any member of the committee.

THE LIBERTY BELL will be published at the opening of the Bazaar, and will, we trust, include a wider circle of distinguished writers than ever before. We solicit pecu

Miscellany.

From Howitt's Country Year Book.

CURIOUS SECTS IN ENGLAND.

BYRONITES AND THORNITES.

I HAVE been much struck, as every stranger must be, who traverses that singular county, with the religious people of Cornwall. John Wesley labored long and zealously among its swarming, and then half-wild, population. He was rudely treated by them on many occasions: but at length he succeeded in gaining an ascendancy over them, and civilized and christianized a vast number of them. Nothing is more striking in that populous county of mines than the still abounding number of Methodists. Where there is no church, there is sure to be a Methodist chapel: and where there is a church, there is a chapel twice as big.

If you chance to be crossing one of their gray moors in an evening, among the cottages so numerously scattered over them, you are continually coming to one in which a prayer-meeting is holding: and it is curious to pause and peep in at the little window, and see the hut so jammed full of people that it seems ready to burst. There is the fire and the old dresser, and shelves, with its rows of plates shining in the fire-light, and all the rest is one mass of bowed heads, while some one is pouring forth a most zealous supplication, responded to by exclamations and groans as zealous. On most occasions you may hear language and metaphoric illustrations, which nothing but the mother-soil and pure growth of the district and people could give birth to.

"Brother!" exclaimed one of those rude miners, as I stopped a moment in passing such a hut: "brother, how excellent a thing is prayer! How often have we kneeled down with hearts as hard as the bricks under our knees, and spirits as dry as the dust in the chinks between them, and presently we have risen up half-way in the Lord!"

I was lying one Sunday on the top of an old stone wall, near Roscastle, protecting myself from the sun, partly with my umbrella, and partly by the shade of a small tree—which, by a rare chance, happened to be growing on that treeless coast—when two young men passed me, and gave me a passing salutation. I looked at them, and made myself certain that they were Ranters, or Primitive Methodists, as they are called in the midland counties. They had on blue coats without collars, and broad-brimmed hats, having a certain resemblance to the Quaker costume, but yet never to be mistaken *for* the Quaker costume. As the female Methodist dresses much like a female Friend, yet, by a knowing eye, can never be confounded with the female Friend—the colors and materials of her dress, as well as some particular cross-plaits in the crown of her bonnet, betraying the difference.

Wishing to learn something of the numbers of the Primitive Methodists down there, I quickly got up and followed them. I soon found that they *were* Methodists, and going to preach in two villages not far off: but when I asked them if they were Primitive Methodists, they said:

"Primitive Methodists, sir; what are Primitive Methodists?"

"Oh, Ranters, I mean—we call them Ranters?"

"Ranters, sir; what are Ranters?"

"What, don't you know what Ranters are?"

"No, sir."

"Then what do you call yourselves?"

"Oh, we are Byronites, sir."

"And what are Byronites? In what do you differ from the Wesleyan Methodists?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

"Then, why *do* you differ?"

"Why, Mr. Byron did not exactly agree with the Conference, and so he left the old connection; and so we followed Mr. Byron."

A little farther on, I saw a great number of people pouring out of a chapel, and I stopped, and, addressing a little knot of them, said:

"Well, I suppose you are Byronites?"

"No, sir, we are Thurnites." (Thornites.)

"Oh, and pray what are Thornites? In what do you differ from the Byronites?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

Then I again asked—"Why *do* you differ?"

"Oh, Mr. Thurn left Mr. Byron, and so we followed Mr. Thurn."

"Really! that was it? I suppose you read your Bible?"

"Yes, sir! oh, yes, sir!"

"Well, there is one text that I wonder you have not happened to meet with."

"What is that, sir!"

"Why, 'Some are for Paul, and some for Appollos, and some for Cephas, but I am for Jesus Christ.' You seem to be following after your preachers, and not after principles."

"Oh, very good, sir—all very good, sir."

And so I left these very acquiescing Thornites, wondering what John Wesley would have made of them.

MULOCKITES.

If the fame of Byronites and Thornites has not reached many of my more Northern readers, possibly that of the Mulockites may. Lord Byron, in his Journal, tells us, that a certain Mr. Mulock had called on him at Pisa, and "endeavored to convert him to some new kind of Christianity."

This Mr. Thomas Mulock is, or was, a gentleman of good family and education. I think he had been Private Secretary to George Canning, and had the best prospects. He wrote poetry of no mean order, and, forsaking his connection with Canning, and his brighter worldly prospects, had lectured on English literature in most of the capitals of Europe. In Paris he had ventured to speak so plainly his opinion of the character and career of Bonaparte, that some officers who had served under him sent the lecturer word that, if he repeated such sentiments, they would feel obliged to call him to account. On receiving this message, he repeated the lecture verbatim, read the letter, and treated it as a threat of assassination. The man had evidently no lack of nerve, and had his religious creed been as passable as it was boldly maintained, his "new kind of Christianity" might have become popular. As it was, he at one time fixed on the densely-populated Staffordshire Potteries as the theatre of his religious campaign; and there he for a season made a great noise. We were told much of this extraordinary man, and, accordingly, we went to hear him. The scene was such only as could be met with in England or America.

The place of worship was a large upper room in a china factory—the people of that district can only have a familiar idea of the kind of room. It was, perhaps, thirty or forty yards long, and ten or a dozen wide, and of proportionate height. Its walls were bare and whitewashed. In this great naked room, about half-way from each end, and near the wall, between two windows, stood the apostle of this "new kind of Christianity," at what served him at once for reading-desk and book-case. This was no other than a three-legged, round deal table, such as you see in common public houses, and upon this a large deal box, with a bit of green baize laid on it. In this box, which was set on its side, so that the lid opened toward him, was kept his hymn-book and his candles. About fifty people formed his audience, ten at least of whom were ladies of known wealth and of elegant appearance; the rest were potters in their working clothes, with their wives and children. This curious congregation were seated on benches made of planks supported on piles of bricks; and the chandeliers which lighted the room were of an equally original and ornate description. They consisted of two laths each, nailed crosswise, suspended from the ceiling by a piece of string, and having three nails driven in near each end of the lath, to form sockets for the candles.

In the midst of this great room, thus singularly furnished, stood Thomas Mulock at his unique reading desk. He was a young man of gentlemanly and even handsome person, of about the middle size; he was clad in a blue dress-coat, with gilt buttons, a buff kerseymere waistcoat, which at that period was much worn, and white trowsers; his linen was beautifully fine and clean; his hands adorned with rings, and delicately formed; and, altogether, he irresistibly reminded you of Coleridge, when he also preached in a similar costume, that he "might not have a rag of the woman of Babylon on him."

The discourse of Mr. Mulock was a most rambling harangue, of the rankest antinomianism. He plainly informed you that "he was the man, and that wisdom would die with him." According to him, all the world was lying in ignorance, and that light from Heaven had fallen only on his head. You were led almost to believe that, since the days of the apostles, nobody had even got a glimpse of the true faith till it was revealed to Thomas Mulock. It was certain that nobody at that time knew what real Christianity was but himself. He assured us that all the preachers—the Christian world, so called—all over, were preaching what they did not understand; and all the missionaries, to every region of the globe, were running before they were sent, and on a business which they knew nothing about. The only honest man that he had heard preach was the clergyman of Stoke, where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that he knew not God."

THE ROEITES.

Mr. Mulock did not inform us why Christianity, after having once being delivered to the Saints, was again made a sealed and unintelligible book for so many ages, until the coming of this blue-coated prophet: nor why he who alone could comprehend its mysteries, was there to be found preaching to about threescore persons, while so many ignorant pretenders were running to and fro in the earth and deluding so many millions with false intelligence; but he was exceedingly personal in his remarks on the steward of some nobleman in the neighborhood, to whom he had had offered his "new kind of Christianity," and who had proved as intractable as Lord Byron.

When he had concluded his discourse, a working potter, a very tall man, in his long white apron, knelt down and prayed that our hearts might be changed; that our old hearts might be taken away, and new ones given us. But the poor fellow, notwithstanding he had been in his prayer full of thanksgiving to God, that such "a burning and shining light," as Thomas Mulock had been sent among them, had no sooner resumed his seat, than up got "the burning and shining light," and gave the poor man a most severe castigation "with the rod of his mouth."

He expressed his most unfeigned astonishment at the blindness of the human understanding, and the stupidity of the human heart. He declared that never was there a more a more striking instance of the utter uselessness of preaching; and that all exertions were vain till it pleased the Almighty to send His grace into the soul; for here had he been for a long period teaching and explaining the real nature of the Christian religion; and now he heard a prayer put up that our hearts might be changed. Had he not told them a hundred times that our hearts never could be changed; that our old hearts could never be taken away? A new heart might be given us, but the old heart, the old Adam's heart, would still remain within us, and be perpetually endeavoring to corrupt the new heart.

The poor potter looked down in humiliation at this reproof, and the ladies wept bitter tears over such an awful instance of human obfuscation of mind.

Mr. Mulock, we believe, grew to be greatly admired in that neigborhood; married richly (probably to one of the weeping ladies); had a handsome chapel built for him; but we have since heard something of his acquiring a number of disciples at Oxford, and of a riot there, occasioned by him or his disciples preaching up a community of wives or some such nonsense; of their being pursued to the outskirts of the town, and some of them in danger of their lives, from being thrown over the bridge into the river. We have also heard a rumor of this teacher of "a new kind of Christianity" becoming an inmate of one of those strongholds—those asylums for genius of the wild school—toward which his character of mind, we thought, pretty plainly pointed when we heard him.

WILLIAM THEOBALD, THE QUAKER SWEDENBORGIAN.

Some years ago, I had an old man in my employ, who was a perfect specimen of the picturesque, both in body and mind. He was tall, lean and bony. He had been, the greater part of his life, a Quaker; and to the day of his death he wore the Quaker costume in its most perfect primevality—his broad hat, half-cock and half-slouch; his drab coat, of an ample length and breadth of skirts; his drab waistcoat, with flaps of such liberal dimensions, that they afforded room for pockets as large as those in most men's coats; his drab breeches, fastened at the knees with buckles; his neat gray worsted stockings, and capacious shoes clasped with large steel buckles. At one time he had been baker at Ackworth School—the great Quaker School in the North of England; at another, coachman to a very quaint and eccentric Friend; and in the course of his life he had picked up a good many shrewd notions and racy phrases of his own. He was not a among his acquaintance for a man of "large religious experience." I once casually overheard him conversing with a youth, who seemed, from his remarks, to be a little skeptical, or who was desirous to call the old fellow out on his favorite topics.

"William," said he, "don't you think it is all an overweening conceit that makes us fancy there is to be an eternity for us?"

"No," replied William; "it is our stupidity that makes us doubt it. We are poor creatures, Edward—we are poor creatures; we cannot open our hearts wide enough to comprehend God's goodness, and so we libel it. Put me this great jug into that teacup."

"Yes," said Edward, "do that yourself, William; it's past my skill."

Well, then, put me the sky into the crown of my hat."

"Ah!" said Edward laughing, "that's rather better. Yours is no trifle of a hat, William, certainly; but it won't hold the sky—that's rather broader than your brim."

"Then," said William, "how is such a little head as thine to hold the idea of the love of God toward His creatures, which, like God himself the heaven of heavens cannot contain."

"But," said Edward, "what kind of a thing do you suppose a spirit is? Do you imagine it a blue, thinnish thing, like a mist, or a smoke that you could see through? What shall we be like, think you, William?"

"Like—why, I tell thee, *the spirit is the real man*. We shall be like what we are. What thou seest is only the shell—the husk of the man; the spirit is the real man."

"What!" exclaimed the captious youngster, "do you expect to rise, William, with your Quaker coat and hat on?—with your cough, rheumatism, asthma, and all?"

"No! no! thank God!—no asthma. I expect delightful breathings on the heavenly plains; but I can not drive it into thee that all these things are as much husk as my old coat. The spirit is the actual man; and when I rise, I count upon looking just as I do now," said the tall old man, rearing himself up to his full height, and clapping his hands down the sides of his thighs, as a soldier at the word "attention!"—only rather younger," added he gravely, "and a little handsomer."

Here ended the psychological dialogue; for the young man burst out laughing at William's grotesquely solemn image, and, apparently very much tickled with his counting upon being "rather younger and a little handsomer," ran off saying, "Well, that's a good 'un, however."

What was my surprise, a few days afterward, having a curiosity to hear the preaching of the Swedenborgians, or New Jerusalmers, on going on a Sunday afternoon, into their place of worship—a curious little chapel in a very intricate mass of buildings—to behold my old man, William, sitting in the pulpit with his hat on, as a preaching friend sits in the gallery of his own meeting. I never had the slightest suspicion that William went anywhere but to the Friends' meetings, much less that he was a preacher. But it appeared that he had long been a Swedenborgian, and a preacher among them, too; and this on the most amusing plea—that Friends and Swedenborgians were alike in doctrine! Friends, who put down all "high and soaring imaginations;" who put human reason and all flights of fancy under their feet; and who, in sitting down to worship in their meetings, feel bound to drive all their own thoughts out of their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction—sugar hogsheads, bales of cotton, bill-broking, banking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of profitable or seductive reign over them all the rest of the week. Friends and the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking out of the body, by the power of faith at will;* who entered, at pleasure, that wide region which lies between human life and heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who saw the processions of souls who had just left the body, marching along this spiritual land, actually unconscious that they had passed through death, and cast off the flesh, till they arrived at the end of a certain highway, and found a river or marsh, which flesh could not pass without sinking, but over which they were impelled, to their own amazement, and then became conscious that they were no longer in the body.

Whether William's asthma, and the expectation of "delightful breathing," when walking forth out of the body, had led him to join the Swedenborgians, I know not, but he most summarily, on my afterward inquiring, explained the identity of this fanciful theory and Quakerism, by saying,

"Why, thou seest, both George Fox and Emanuel Swedenborg believed that the whole of religion consists in 'exercising the power of the spirit through faith, and that all short of that is nothing but swine's husks and beggarly elements.'"

William, I found, had so much influence among these Swedenborgians, that they permitted him to retain his own peculiar customs. He sat in meeting with his hat on, and refused to give out hymns; and a most ludicrous medley of Quakerism and New Jerusalemism he was.

On this occasion I was exceedingly diverted to see how he contrived to get over the Quaker objections to taking a text for his sermon. On opening the Bible, he cried out, "Here goes for the starting-place, being the 12th chapter and 2d verse of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians: 'I knew a man in Christ, about fourteen years ago, whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth. Such an one caught up to the third heaven.'"

The last of the local sects which I shall notice here, is the sect of the Roeites.

Calverton, a retired village, in Nottinghamshire, has had the distinction of producing two men whose names have travelled beyond its own boundaries.—Lee, a gentleman who having paid his addresses to a young woman who maintained herself by knitting fine stockings, and being refused by her, vowed that he would invent a machine that should spoil her trade forever, and, therefore, never ceased beating his brain till he had produced the stocking-frame and given birth to the staple trade of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester; and John Roe a cottager, who made himself the apostle of a new sect, which, however, never spread beyond his own village, yet, we believe, continues to exist there.

John Roe was disgusted with the religions he made himself acquainted with, and still looking about for one to which he could join himself, he spied out the Quakers. He greatly admired all those of their customs which asserted a freedom from the Establishment; but he did not see the reasonableness of other of their practices. He therfore set about to form a new sect, to be styled the Reformed Quakers. John and his disciples resolved to marry and bury among themselves as the Quakers did, but they soon found that they wanted the legal authority which the Quakers had obtained long before. The parish authorities required them to give security that their children should not become chargeable: but they refused to do any thing of the kind, asserting that they only did as the Quakers did, and, like them, would suffer anything that the magistrates might please to inflict, rather than implicate one atom of religious liberty. The consequence was, that John, and the chief members of his church, soon found themselves in Nottingham Jail. There they continued some years, maintaining their testimony, as George Fox would have called it, as stubbornly as he could have done. Eventually they wore out the patience of the magistrates, who were glad to get rid of them as well as they could. They were therefore informed that the prison doors were open, and that they might walk out at their pleasure. But no; like Paul and Silas of old, they said: "The magistrates have put us here, and they shall come and take us out."

John and his fellow-martyrs triumphed. The magistrates were fain to go and make themselves very agreable, and request the holy apostles of religion and matrimony most politely to do them the favor to adjourn from those walls, which they had so long honored with their presence, to their own dwellings and their desiring friends at Calverton, which very civil request John and his brethren were pleased to grant, and issued forth with due dignity exactly at noonday.

Having read this account in "Gough's History of the Quakers," or "Walker's Geography," or some such book, many years afterward, and learning that John Roe was still living, and illuminating Calverton with his doctrine, I walked over there one Sunday, and inquired for the chapel of the Roeites.

"Roeites?—Roeites" said a young farmer. "Oh! I know whom you mean. You mean the *Deformed* Quakers I'll go with you to the chapel."

To the chapel we went; and if John's disciples could be said to resemble Quakers at all, the young man's designatory epithet was not an inapt one. The scene was such as none but those who have peeped a little into the nooks of the world, could imagine to exist in England.

The chapel was a barn, standing in a very retired corner, among the village orchards, and half-hidden by their trees. The holes and slits in the walls which are left in barns to admit air, had been built up, and doors and windows introduced. Within, it had all the attributes of a very plain chapel—its loft its pulpit, and its seats; not the least resemblance, however, to a Friends' meeting-house.* My guide conducted me to the loft, where I could see the whole congregation, and exactly opposite to John Roe's pulpit. The congregation consisted of about thirty people; but John Roe was not yet arrived. My guide, the young farmer, having seen me seated, laid his head very deliberately on the front of the loft, and began, in a short period, to give evidence that he was fast asleep, by a most unequivocal snore. I shook him, and asked him if he knew where he was. He said,—"Yes; I have been here before;" and so laid down his head and resumed his doze. It was a sultry day in July, and the greater part of the congregation seemed similarly disposed.

Presently a loud peal of thunder, and the dashing of some large drops of rain on the windows, seemed to arouse all the sleepers, and just then in walked John Roe and his wife.

I would give something now for a sketch of them at that instant, for two such picturesque objects, to a certainty, are not now to be met with. John was a rather small man, with a most venerable aspect. He could not be less than eighty years of age. His hair was long, as white as snow, and combed in flowing locks on his shoulders. He was clad in the old fashioned garb, which, no doubt, even in that hidden village, was old-fashioned when he was a lad; the most conspicuous part of which was his drab coat, cut with a broad, square collor, and with very long and ample skirts, and adorned with plated buttons of the size of dollars. His wife was a tall woman, apparently not more than sixty, and must have been a fine woman, too, in her day. She had a mob cap, and a black silk gipsy bonnet, with a crown not more than two inches deep, secured on the top of her head. Her tall and well-fitting stays, while they gave her a remarkably long and taper waist, stood up high above her bosom; and her gown was a chintz of a large flowing pattern, each side drawn up through the pocket-holes, that it might not dangle in the wet of the thunder-shower, or to show, perhaps, as it did, a heavily-quilted black silk petticoat. Black stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large buckles, completed her costume.

John Roe advanced slowly into the middle of the chapel floor, and looked round on his people with an air of as much dignity and self-complacency as that with which the most popular preacher could survey the most crowded and splendid assembly, or as that with which an Archbishop could look on a titled crowd assembled to hear him in Westminster Abbey. While he made this dignified circumspection, his wife, with as much evident pride, shook the thunder-drops from the skirts of his coat, wiped them away from his shoulders with her handkerchief, and then John ascended into the pulpit. There was now a great bustle with the production of hymn-books.

A man with a pitch-pipe gave out the hymn, and blew a note loud enough to wake all sleepers; and we had vocal music, *con fuoco* enough. Then some one below gave us a prayer and another hymn; after which John opened his big Bible and began, not a sermon, but a running commentary on the transfiguration. But if the commentary was a running one, it soon brought most of the people to a stop. I must confess that I could make neither head nor tail of his discourse. Something he said of "a voice out of a cloud;" but his voice was like nothing but a voice in a cloud; and of "another and a truer word of prophecy." And he asked us whether we thought this voice was the truer word of prophecy, or whether we were to look for another; but he did not answer the question, and scarcely anybody was awake to answer for themselves.

The heat of the day, and the droning of the old man's voice, had comfortably composed the congregation. I looked round, and could not avoid smiling at the scene. Out of the thirty persons present, twenty at least were sound asleep. They were "a noddin'."

By John's pulpit were ranged two seats, on which sat the chief singers. Thereabouts, the only man awake was the man with the pitch-pipe. He was actively looking out in his book for the next hymn, which, having found, he began to bob those before him lustily on their backs with his thumb, to call their attention to the place; most of whom, being thus rudely aroused from their sleep, gave a great start, and one nearly pitched forward on the floor. Behind these two seats was a third, considerably elevated, and fastened to the wall. On this, close to the pulpit, and conspicuous to all the assembly—when awake—sat a stout countryman in a dark velveteen jacket with a red handkerchief about his neck, the ends of which dangled down his breast, about a foot in length. By his side sat his son, a great lad of twelve or fourteen years of age; he was fast asleep, with the back of his head against the wall, his mouth wide open, and his head performing a regular rolling on the wall from one shoulder to the other. Presently, his father observing his condition, gave him a sharp jog in the side with his elbow, and as he opened his astonished eyes, he slyly drew from his waistcoat pocket a large apple, and thrust it into the lad's hand. The lad raised himself up with a great stare, rubbed first one eye, and then the other with his coat sleeve, making the most extraordinary grimaces with his mouth at the same time; deposited the apple in his pocket, laid his head against the wall, and away it went rolling to and fro as before. Sleep now reigned triumphant; the young farmer snoring gloriously at my elbow, and resisting every attempt to rouse him, and the voice of John Roe droning on as drowsily as an old mill-wheel.

Luckily, at this moment a swallow flew in at an open window. Twit! twit! went the swallow. The sight and sound were music to some lads who happened to awake. Up started one, and snatched at the bird: up went the hat of another, with a circling sweep to catch it. The alarmed creature twitted louder and louder, and flew to and fro with the utmost rapidity; the boys were all in motion; the people awoke at the bustle; John stopped his droning; even the young farmer's snoring snapped off at once; the pitch-pipe blew lustily the key-note; and another vigorously-chanted hymn restored us all to ourselves and to the open air.

I made some inquiries among John's people as to their peculiar tenets, but I could learn nothing distinctive; all was as cloudy as John's discourse, only that they were *Reformed* Quakers, and would marry and bury themselves. I was told in the village that John's society had been greatly checked in its growth, by the simple fact of a widow, one of his hearers, having lent him a considerable sum of money, not on his note, but on his word—such was her faith—who, on applying for repayment, was coolly told by him, "That the Lord commanded the children of Israel to borrow of the Egyptians all that they could, but gave no commandment to pay them again."

"What!" says the old dame, "do you make an Egyptian of me?"

"What!" said others of his disciples, "does he make Egyptians of us?"

And the society began rapidly to diminish. Yet this singular little sect cannot have existed in that village much less than a century; and though John Roe has long been dead, I am told his mantle has fallen on other shoulders, and that the Roeites may still be found in the old barn-chapel.

When to these odd demonstrations of the vagaries of human nature we add those of the believers in Johanna Southcot, of the madman Thom, and of the professors of the Unknown Tongue, we do not wonder that there are those who would have all men compelled to believe according to law. But what are these follies to the immense amount of good which religious liberty and religious discussion have poured over society? We record these things as the mere whims and gambols of a free fancy in a free country, which soon work themselves out, and are for the most part, harmless—the bubbles on the stream of life; the clouds in its sky; the meteors that fall as from among the stars to the earth. But the bubbles on the great stream of life and knowledge rise and break, the stream flows on forever. The clouds sail over us, and are gone; the eternal sky still smiles above us in its purity. The falling stars, as we idly term them are extinguished ere they reach the earth; the stars themselves burn on unmoved in the serene ocean of infinitude. We can smile at the most wondrous dreams of Swedenborg, the worst absurdity of the Southcottians, the peculiarities of Mulockites and Roeites; for we know that they are optional and evanescent; but the whips and thumbscrews of a religious despotism leave scars that last for ages and make cripples, not merely of those on whom their force is tried, but of their children, even to the third and fourth generations.

* See his Works.

From the 'District School as it was.'

LEARNING TO SPELL.

THERE, the class have read; but they have something else to do before they take their seats. "Shut your books," says he who has been hearing them read. What makes this row of little countenances brighten up so suddenly, especially the upper end of it? What wooden faces and leaden eyes, two minutes ago? The reading was nothing to them—those select sentences and maxims in Perry's Spelling-book which are tucked in between the fables. It is all as dull as a dirge to those life-loving boys and girls. They almost drowsed while they stood up in their places. But they are fully awake now. They are going to spell. But this in itself is the driest exercise to prepare for, and the driest to perform, of the whole round. The child cares no more in his heart about the arrangement of vowels and consonants in the orthography of words, than he does how many chips lie one above another at the school-house wood-pile. But he does care whether he is at the head or foot of his class; whether the money dangles from his own neck or another's.—This is the secret of the interest in spelling. Emulation is awakened, ambition roused. There is something like the tug of strength in the wrestle, something of the alternation of hope and fear in a game of chance. There has been a special preparation for the trial. Observe this class any day, half an hour before they are called up to read. What a flitting from top to bottom of the spelling column, and what a flutter of lips and hissing of utterance? Now the eye twinkles on the page to catch a word, and now it is fixed on the empty air, while the orthography is syllabled, over and over again in mind, until at length it is syllabled on the memory. But the time of trial has come; they have only to read first. "The third class may come and read." "O dear, I have n't got my spelling lesson," mutters Charlotte to herself. She has just begun the art of writing this Winter, and she lingered a little too long at her hooks and trammels. The lesson seems to her to have as many again hard words in it as common. What a flutter she is in! She got up above George in the forenoon, and she would not get down again for anything. She is as slow in coming from her seat as she possibly can be and keep moving. She makes a chink in her book with her finger, and every now and then, during the reading exercise, steals a glance at a difficult word.

But the reading is over, and what a brightening up, as was said before, with the exception, perhaps, of two or three idle or stupid boys at that less honorable extremity of the class called the foot! That boy at the head—no, it *was* a boy; but Harriet has at length got above him; and, when girls once get to the head, get them away from it if you can. Once put the "pride of place" into their hearts, and how they will queen it! Then they are more sensitive regarding anything that might lower them in the eyes of others, and seem the least like disgrace. I have known a little girl to cry the half of one day, and look melancholy the whole of the next, on losing her place at the head. Girls are more likely to arrive at and keep the first place in the class, in consequence of a little more help from mother nature than boys get. I believe that they generally have a memory more fitted for catching and holding words and other signs addressed to the eye, than the other sex. That girl at the head has studied her spelling lesson, until she is as confident of every word as the unerring Perry himself. She can spell every word in the column in the order it stands without the master's "putting it out," she has been over it so many times. "Now, Mr. James, get up again if you can," thinks Harriet. I pity you, poor girl; for James has an ally that will blow over your proud castle in the air. Old Boreas, the king of the winds, will order out a snow storm by and bye, to block up the roads, so that none but booted and weather-proof males can get to school; and you, Miss, must lose a day or two, and then find yourself at the foot with those blockhead boys who always abide there. But let it not be thought that all those foot lads are deficient in intellect. Look at them when the master's back is turned, and you will see mischievious ingenuity enough to convince you that they might surpass even James and Harriet, had some other faculties been called into exercise beside the mere memory of verbalties.

The most extraordinary spelling, and indeed reading machine, in our school was a boy whom I shall call Memorus Wordwell. He was mighty and wonderful in the acquisition and remembrance of words—of signs without the ideas signified. The alphabet he acquired at home before he was two years old. What exultation of parents! what exclamation from admiring visitors! "There was never anything like it." He had almost accomplished his Abs before he was thought old enough for school. At an earlier age than usual, however, he was sent; and then he went from *Ache* to *Abomination* in half the summers and winters it took the rest of us to go over the same space. Astonishing how quickly he mastered column after column, section after section, of obstinate orthographies. Those martial terms I have just used, together with our hero's celerity, put me in mind of Cæsar. So I will quote him. Memorus might have said in respect to the host of the spelling book, "I came, I saw, I conquered." He generally stood at the head of a class, each one of whom was two years his elder. Poor creatures! they studied hard some of them, but it did no good. Memorus Wordwell was born to be above them, as some men are said to have been "born to command." At the public examination of his first winter the people of the district, and even the minister thought it marvellous that such monstrous great words should be mastered by "such a leetle mite of a boy!" Memorus was mighty, also, in saying those after spelling matters—the Key, the Abbreviations, the Punctuation, &c. These things were deemed of great account to be laid up in remembrance, although they were all very imperfectly understood and some of them not understood at all.

Punctuation—how many hours, days, and even weeks, have I tugged away to lift, as it were, to roll up into the store-house of my memory, the many long, heavy sentences comprehended under this title! Only survey (we use the word when speaking of considerable space and bulk)—only survey the first sentence, a transcript of which I will endeavor to locate in these narrow bounds. I would have my readers of the rising generation know what mighty labors we little creatures of five, six, and seven years old were set to perform.

"Punctuation is the art of pointing, or of dividing a discourse into periods by points, expressing the pauses to be made in the reading thereof, and regulating the cadence or elevation of the voice."

There, I have labored weeks on that; for I always had the lamentable defect of mind not to be able to commit to memory what I did not understand. My teachers never aided me with the least explanation of the above-copied sentence, nor of other reading of a similar character, which was likewise to be committed to memory. But this and all was nothing, as it were, to Memorus Wordwell. He was a very Hercules in this wilderness of words.

Master Wordwell was a remarkable reader too.—He could rattle off a word as extensive as the name of a Russian noble, when he was but five years old, as easily as the schoolmaster himself. "He can read in the hardest chapters of the Testament as fast again as I can," said his mother. "I never did see nothing beat it," exclaimed his father; "he speaks up as loud as a minister." But I have said enough about this prodigy. I have said thus much, because, although he was thought so surpassingly bright, he was the most decided ninny in the school The fact is, he did not know what the sounds he uttered meant. It never entered his head, nor the heads of his parents and most of teachers, that words and sentences were written, and should be read, only to be understood. He lost some of his reputation, however, when he grew up toward twenty-one, and it was found that numbers, in more senses than one were far above him in arithmetic.

One little anecdote about Memorus Wordwell before we let him go, and this long chapter shall be no longer.

It happened one day that the "cut and split" for the fire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out wielding the axe in school time. He had been at work about half an hour, when Memorus, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old, and four years younger than Jonas. "Memorus, you may go out and spell Jonas." Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word spell, indeed he had never attached but one meaning to it, whenever it was used with reference to himself. He supposed the master was granting him a ride extraordinary on his favorite hobby. So he put his spelling book under his arm, and was out at the woodpile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

"Ye got yer spellin lesson, Jonas?" was his first salutation. "Hav n't looked at it yit," was the reply. "I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spellin or no spellin, before I go in. I had as leave keep warm here choppin wood, as freeze up there in that tarnal cold back seat." "Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell" "Did he? well put out the words, and I'll spell.'! Memorus being so distinguished a speller. Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on this errand. So our deputy spelling master mounted the top of the woodpile, just in front of Jonas, to put out words to his temporary pupil, who still kept on putting out chips.

"Do you know where the lesson begins, Jonas?"

"No, I don't; but I spose I shall find out now."—"Well, here tis." (They both belonged to the same class.) "Spell A-bom-i-na-tion. Jonas spells A-b-o-m bom a-bom (in the meantime up goes the axe high in air,) i-a-bom-i (down it goes again chuck into the wood) n-a-na-a bom-i-na (up it goes again) i-i-o-n tion, a-bom-i-na-tion; chuck the axe goes again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip, and hits Memorus on the nose. At this moment the master appeared just at the corner of the schoolhouse, with one foot still on the threshold. "Jonas why don't you come in? didn't I send Memorus out to spell you?" "Yes, sir, and he has been spelling me; how could I come in if he spelt me here?"—At this the master's eye caught Memorus perched upon the top-stick, with his book open upon his lap rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. Ac-com-mo-da-tion, pronounced Memorus in a broken but louder voice than before; for he had caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He pereceived the mistake, and without saying more, wheeled back into the school-room, almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress. The scholars wondered at his looks, and grinned in sympathy. But in a few minutes Jonas came in, followed by Memorus with his spelling book, who exclaimed, "I have heard him spell clean through the whole lesson, and he didn't spell hardly none of 'em right." The master could hold in no longer, and the scholars perceived the blunder, and there was one simultandous roar from pedagogue and pupils: the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproarinsly in consequence of being permitted to laugh in school-time, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

From the London Weekly News.

MR. COBDEN AND OUR MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS.

MR. COBDEN has been speaking at a Peace Meeting at Wrexham, a small town in Derbigshire. He appears to have taken advantage of the occasion to show that late events have only confirmed him in his views respecting a reduction in our military establishments, and the establishment of courts of arbitration. About 2,000 persons were present, and the proceedings were characterised by perfect unanimity, and not a little enthusiasm. Mr. Cobden followed Mr. Joseph Sturge, and the Rev. Mr. Richards, secretary to the Peace Society.

He commenced his address with a reference to the motives which mainly led him to deal with the question of peace, viz., the desire to lessen the burden of taxation. No sensible remission could be made unless the country came to the principles of the Peace Society, for out of the £22,000,000 required to pay the current expenditure of the state, more than two-thirds were required for military expenses. He had now no hesitation in declaring that "if the Government did not do that which (the country was told by the organs of military men) they were not going to do, and if they made no reduction in their military establishments,—then, under these circumstances, he would vote for taking off taxes, and see whether they could pay for the military establishments without money—(cheers and laughter).—This, he owned, was a clumsy way, and did not recommend itself to his reason: and he would rather go to work as in private matters, and rationally discuss what we could reduce in our expenditure before taking off taxation; but, if he found an unfair, unreasonable resistance to what he believed to be a fair and rational proposition for some reduction, he should adopt the course he had referred to"—(applause).—Sir F. Head's book on the state of our defences was then briefly noticed. The antecedents of that writer and his conduct in Canada did not recommend him as a good authority in these matters. He (Mr. Cobden) would rather run the risk of France coming to attack us, than keep up the present establishments. "The men who wrote these books must be cowards; and he knew nothing so preposterous as talking of a number of Frenchmen coming and taken possession of London—(cheers and laughter). Who was afraid of them—(renewed laughter)? He believed there never was an instance known in the history of the world of as many as 50,000 men in military array being transported across salt water within twelve months. Napoleon, on going to Egypt, had not so many; and France with twelve months' preparation, could not transport across the sea 50,000 men, with all the apparel and muniments of war. It never had been, and he did not believe that it could be done in twelve months"—(hear). It was impossible that war establishments on the Continent could exist five years longer, as it was notorious all the powers of Europe were nearly bankrupt. Nobody now ever thought of denying that Austria was not bankrupt. Take France, Prussia, or Russia, with their numerous gigantic military establishments, and they would find that they were fast hastening to bankruptcy. When they called attention to these follies, they did not leave them without suggesting practical remedies. "We say to all Governments—Cannot you settle your disputes by giving a guarantee that you will maintain peace? and cannot you recognize between you the principles of submitting disputes, if they arise, to the arbitration of a neutral party? Cannot you be prepared with other means of settling points of difference than by a resort to war"—(hear, hear)? Let there be a treaty in the same words as the treaty between the United States of America, with respect to the separation of Canada, namely, that there should be only one ship belonging to each country on the water at the same time with a certain number of guns on board. This had so far, had the anticipated effect of maintaining the interests of both countries, with the most satisfactory results, and without any breach of the contract; and he really believed that the Americans had not even one ship on the lakes at all. And why could they not enter into the same arrangement with France? If we had not a minister for Foreign Affairs who understood his business, and would enter into such an arrangement, then "let the English people, who understood their business, advertise for a Foreign Minister—(cheers and laughter)—who, instead of following old courses, should be alive to the spirit of the age, who should be deemed worthy to have lived in the age of electric telegraphs, railways, and steamboats."—(cheers). Referring in reverent terms to the late Sir Robert Peel, he said:

"Sir Robert Peel was in his early life placed, before, probably, he had the choice of his own career, in a wrong political groove; but that such a man, after forty years' training in an adverse political school, should at the end of that time have taken the course he did, entitling himself, as he had done, by the last act of his political life, to the lasting veneration of his countrymen—(cheers), led him (Mr. Cobden) firmly to hope that England had great future benefits to expect from the wise counsels of that great statesman—(loud cheers), and on those questions on which he was now addressing them, and agitated by the Peace Congress, he watched Sir Robert Peel's course during the last three years, and, as his (Mr. Cobden's) friends knew, he predicted that Sir Robert Peel was preparing gradually to do for his country what he had done on another question, only secondary in importance to that advocated by the Peace Congress—(hear, hear). It was in 1841 that Sir Robert Peel was the first to recommend that agitation in which the Peace party and he (Mr. Cobden) were now engaged. The statesman then referred to the numerous standing armies, to the danger caused thereby to the finances and to the consequent risk of revolutions with respect to the Governments of Europe, and he said that those Governments ought to endeavor to come to terms on the basis of a mutual reduction of the military establishments; and he declared emphatically, that he hoped the Governments would take that course; or, if not, he hoped the different communities of Europe would spread their opinions in order to force the Governments to adopt that plan—(hear, hear). He [Mr. Cobden] had frequently referred to that declaration as being a direct incentive to the course which was adopted at Peace meetings; and he claimed for the peace meetings the sanction and approval—nay, he claimed for them the origination—of the most practical statesman that ever lived—[loud cheers]. But this was not all. In the House of Commons, on the 12th of March, 1850, Sir Robert Peel spoke as he would presently read; and he [Mr. Cobden] well remembered the fee